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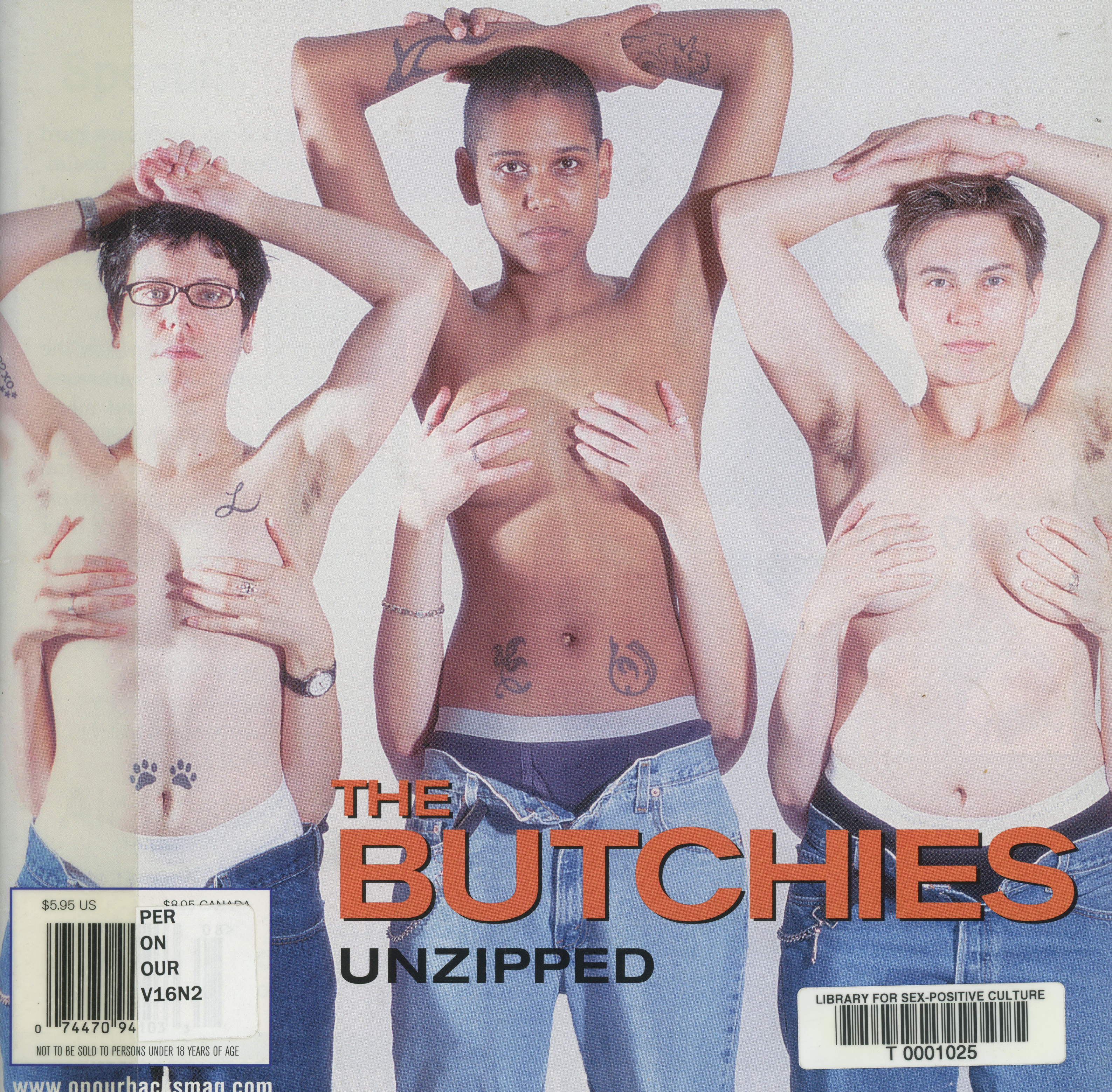

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Volume16 . Issue02

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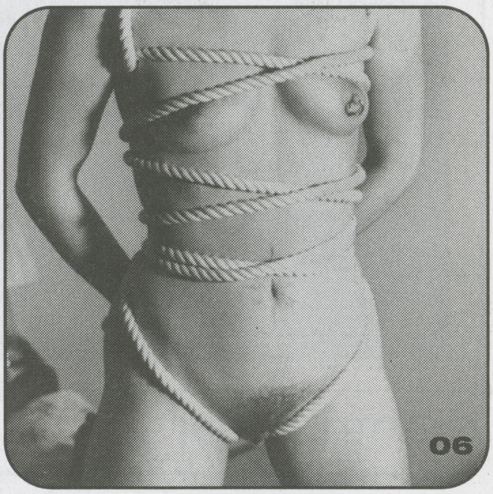
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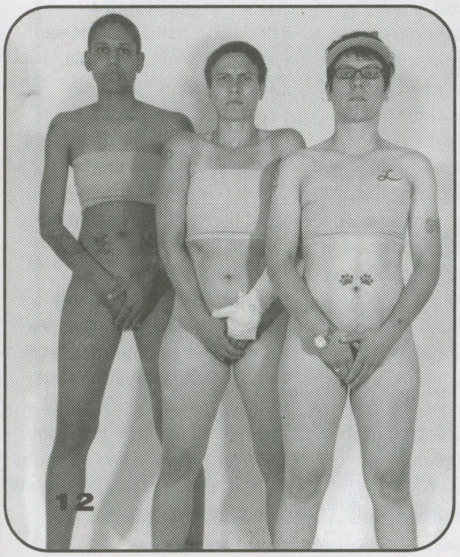
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Girl Gang Bangs by Diana Cage

editor's.postcard

Kings & Queens

Queer proms are starting to crop up in suburbia like crazy, giving teenagers an option I couldn't even dream of when I was in high school. (Imagine if I could have had the chance to be the prom queen or *do* the prom queen on the same night?) And even so-called straight proms aren't so narrow anymore. Case in point: in Ferndale, Washington, students elected a woman prom king this year. And not just any woman, but a big, butch, out dyke who brought her girlfriend to the prom. Even after high school, some grown-up queers have been reclaiming this ritual for themselves. Just before the annual queer prom in Santa Barbara, California, we captured two hot couples on their way to the big event (page 32). If I could do it all over again, I know who I'd want to play at my perfect prom: the adorable, outrageous dyke band The Butchies, who we somehow managed to get naked for our cover, thanks to assistant editor Diana Cage. Maybe Diana will have three dates for the next queer prom!

With lube + affection,

Tristan Taormino

Tristan Taormino, Editor

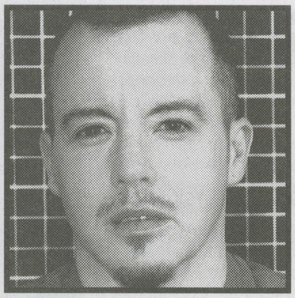
Tristan Does the Kings: Drag Kings Christopher Noel, Drag King Ken, T. Drake, and Duncan B. Deepe at a drag show in Washington, D.C.

contributors

Tammy Rae Carland is a photographer and video artist who teaches at the University of North Carolina. Selections of her photographs have appeared in the books *The Passionate Camera: Queer Bodies of Desire* and *Lesbian Art in America.* Along with her girlfriend, Kaia Wilson, she founded and runs Mr. Lady Records and Videos, an independent record label and video art distribution company dedicated to the production and distribution of feminist/queer culture. Tammy Rae's zany vision of the Butchies starts on page 12.

Jackie Cohen fancies herself a gay man trapped in the body of a lipstick lesbian. As she departed from her most recent full-time job as a senior editor at the *Industry Standard*, she declared, "To hell with technology! I want to write about sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll, baby!" After just a few months of freelance writing, she's landed stories in *Hustler* and *Penthouse*. Alas, she's still working on getting some rock 'n' roll gigs. Jackie's look at FTMs in the lesbian community starts on page 28.

The Butchies are 3 seriously sexy rockers hailing outta Durham, North Carolina. They've been a band for 3 years, released 3 records (*Are We Not Femme?*, *Population 1975* and the recently-released *3*), toured the U.S.A. at least 3 times, and each have 3 obsessions: rock, rock, and being on the cover of **On Our Backs.** They just finished a tour with Amy Ray, promoting both their new album and Amy's solo album, *Stag,* of which they're featured musicians. We convinced them to strip down for your viewing pleasure. Turn to page 12 to see the results.



Del LaGrace Volcano is a self-described butchophile and gender variant visual artist from California living exclusively in London since 1987. He has exhibited and published extensively in Europe, the U.K. and the U.S.A. His first monograph, *Love Bites,* was published in 1991. In 1999 he published *The Drag King Book* with Judith Halberstam and the wonderful collection of portraits, *Sublime Mutations,* in 2001. Lucky for us, Del was around to photograph the lovely and handsome babes in "Prom Night Nookie" (page 32).

Born and raised to a travelling band of gypsies in the Turkish peninsula, **Zanne deJanvier** (originally named Suzannevsky Zolalgue), began illustrating on the fur of the roaming sheep that accompanied her nomadic family. Many years later, she is now working full time as a topless dancer travelling from city to city with her ink and paper and her devoted oboe accompanist. We're happy that Zanne was able to take some time out from her crazy lifestyle to illustrate the hot fiction "Marta's Power" on page 40.

BUTCHIES: TAMMY RAE CARLAND / VOLCANO: DEL LAGRACE VOLCANO

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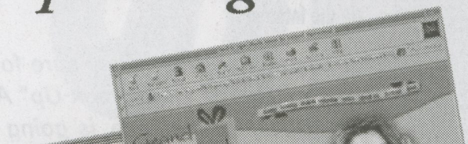

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SHELLEY MARS: ANNIE SPRINKLE

Send More Porn, Batteries

April/May 2001 is by far the best issue yet. I have read it cover to cover several times. The pictures and fiction were hot, hot, hot. I love the photos, and I loved the how-to on anal pleasure! I have had to replace the batteries in my vibrator twice. I think two months is a long time to wait for another issue. I don't know if my copy will hold together much longer.

Lisa Salvadore
Via the Internet

We feel your pain. We like to fill in the gaps with back issues. They always have stuff in them that we've forgotten we jerked off to already. You can order them at www.onourbacksmag.com.

Just Doing Our Job, Ma'am

You can't please everyone all the time, but **On Our Backs** sure tries. Your variety of women of all colors, sizes, and gender identities is greatly appreciated. I am happy to shell out my money each month to purchase a magazine that is for us and by us, a true lesbian publication in a sea of airbrushed-bimbo mags.

Kara [last name withheld]
Via the Internet

Logophilia

You stated in your letters section that *diathermy* was your new favorite word for electrical stimulation ("letters," June/July 2001). This would be wrong. The application of diathermy involves transmission and absorption of electromagnetic energy into the body, with subsequent conversion of the non-ionizing radiation into therapeutic heat by the resisting tissues. Hope this helps. I wouldn't want you using this word out of context. By the way, I do enjoy your mag.

Kim W.
Via the Internet

Boi Toy

I loved the photos of the beautiful big butch boi J.J. ("Passionate Mistress," April/May 2001). Please feature more like her in upcoming issues.

Scott Loughborough
Via the Internet

Colleen's Coochie Comics

Keep up the good work. It's great to have a magazine made by lesbians for lesbians that does not flinch at the natural beauty of sex in all of its glorious forms. Also, can you tell me if the artist Colleen Coover who illustrated the fiction story "Sex in the Stacks" (June/July 2001) has published any books of her erotic work?

[name witheld]
Via the Internet

Colleen Coover's comic Small Favors *can be found through her publisher at www.eroscomix.com.*

Getting Personals

I enjoyed the Editor's Postcard in the April/May 2001 issue of **On Our Backs**. The thought of each and every one of your subscribers jilling off simultaneously just sends me over the edge. Please include more photo spreads of sweet, young, vanilla lesbians and not so many ugly, fat butches with strap-ons. In addition, I would like to suggest that **On Our Backs** contain more personal ads. I am interested in finding an American pen pal.

Anne Deverdal
Paris, France

Attention sweet, young vanilla readers: lower your inhibitions and raise the mademoiselle's pulse level by sending in photos. And we second your request for more personal ads. Send 'em in, girls.

Thanks for the Compliment

A specific and factual determination has been made that the June/July 2001 issue of **On Our Backs** is detrimental to prisoner's rehabilitation because it would encourage deviated criminal sexual behavior. The magazine contains graphic depiction of sado-masochism and explicit images of women engaging in homosexual activity.

Texas Department of Criminal Justice
Huntsville, Texas

Joystick Killjoy

I find terribly disturbing the blatant and overwhelming imagery of male power in your magazine: the faux penis/dildo being sucked, rammed into a vagina, and regarded as *the* joystick of lesbian love. More than half of the content featured in **On Our Backs** is particularly offensive. There is nothing new or cutting edge here. It's about women who want to be men or who subsume this pervasive cultural stereotype of male superiority. And once more, the female body is raped, abused, and pillaged by supposed "lesbians" who appropriate the apparatus and misogynistic attitudes of the male. These persons are *not* lesbians.

Yael Boten
Via the Internet

Not Lesbians? Wow. They sure fooled us! Sandra ("Dance Club Hook-Up" April/May 2001), for instance, is going to be very confused when I call her up and tell her that her girlfriend Ezzy isn't a lesbian.

Drag Kings Rule

Thanks for publishing my story. It looked great, especially the brilliant illustration by Deon Allen. It's a privilege to be part of such a quality, sexy publication.

Jules Wilkinson
Victoria, Australia

---

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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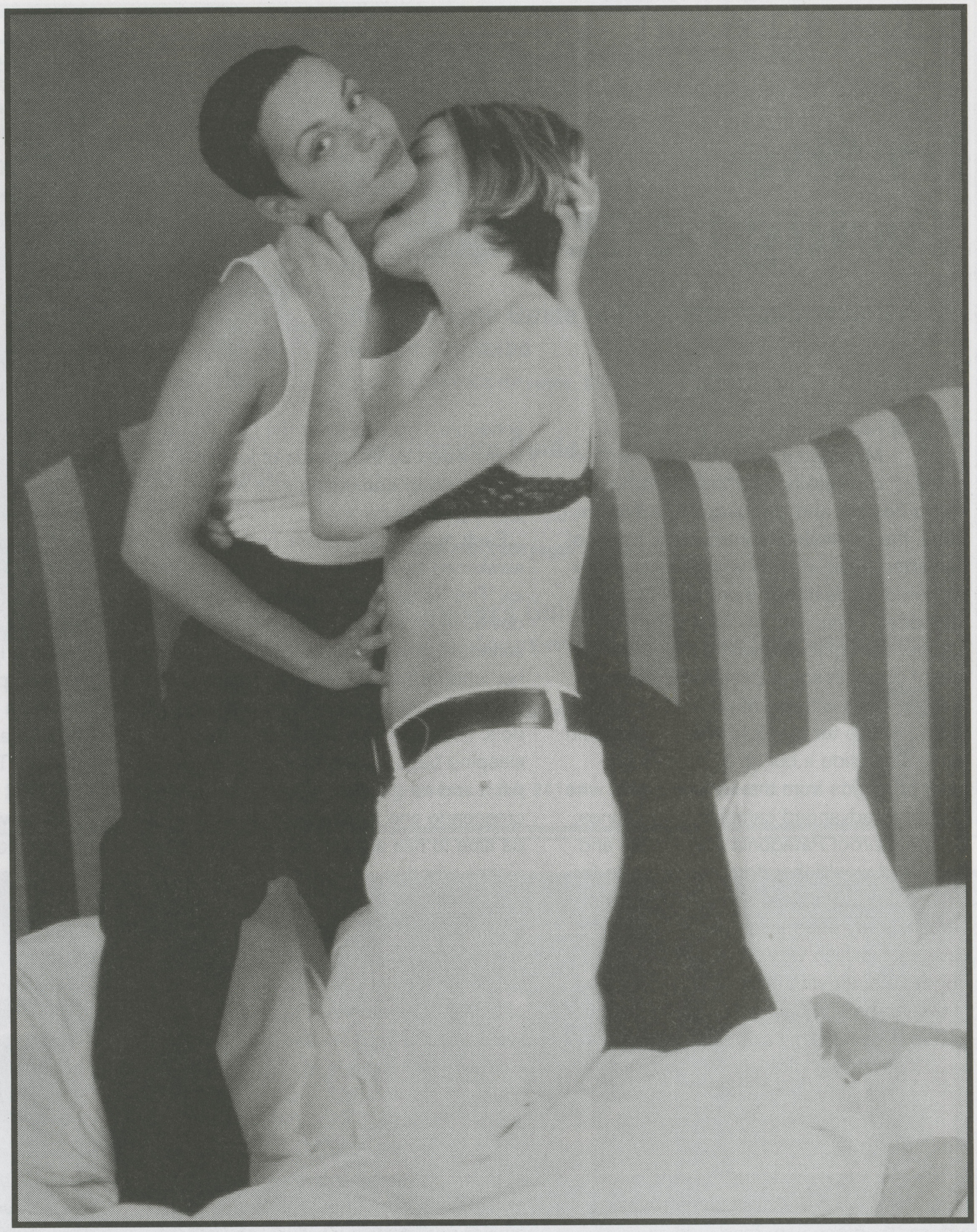

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In the Twilight Zone

by Michelle Tea

illustration by Fish

The first time I ever went to Michigan it was with the intention of sneaking into the Womyn's Music Festival and camping in the Twilight Zone, the contested, controversial forest of perverted freak-wimmin whose taste in sex triggered the festival's more stereotypical attendees. I was with my best friend Tux and her new girlfriend with a nickname that meant pussy in some Eastern European tongue. I was with my other best friend Ziggy, whose tent I would share. We would camp alongside a bunch of Ziggy's pro-camper friends from the Midwest, girls who had many advanced camping accessories, like waterproof Patagonia spice racks and such, and would therefore compensate for all that Ziggy and I did not bring into the woods. In my enormous army surplus backpack–which was tangled like a bad bondage outfit with mysterious olive green straps and metal buckles looping everywhere–was my sleeping bag, some cut-off shorts and flowery dresses, the biggest bottle of Jim Beam I could find, and a waterproof bag holding tarot cards and cigarettes.

Ziggy and I pitched the tent, and a few hours later Tux and Pussy came traipsing across the green with their legs all shredded and criss-crossed with the scabs from all the thorny brambles that they hiked through to sneak onto the land. I was glad I just coughed up the money at the gate, because those legs looked like they needed more help than the organic salve and tea tinctures the festival provided to the occasionally wounded. I went to the festival because I'd never been to it before, Team Dresch was going to play, and all those girls were driving out in a van. I had no girlfriend but was sort of messing around with this one girl who would be there, and even though she was a playa and maybe wouldn't be able to fit me into her sex schedule, I figured what the hell, I'd be surrounded by thousands of lesbians and probably something else would come through.

Each morning the entire Twilight Zone was awakened by a woman we came to refer to as "The Rooster." She and her lady were obviously on some sort of regular fuck-schedule, and at about eight in the morning her loud, braying sex-shrieks would chime across the land like breathy cock-a-doodle-do's. Everyone sort of lay still in their sleeping bags, quietly marveling at her pitch and range, and when it reached its crescendo and wound back down it would be time to rise and reflect upon the previous night's wonders. How wandering into the trees for a place to piss, I'd stumbled upon a woman bound to a tree, and was quickly herded away by a trio of extremely serious women in leather caps. How a small mass of ladies had gathered to perform a raunchy live sex show right outside our tents.

Now the morning light gleamed upon the shucked gloves and condoms that lay amidst the beer cans and whiskey bottles; the great outdoors now smelled like last call at the worst dive bar in the world. Ziggy and I talked about how we couldn't keep nice things, not even nature, and stuck our heads into Tux's tent to make sure that she hadn't choked on her puke in her sleep, and she hadn't. There it all was, a disgusting, chunky puddle by her head.

That night was Stations of the Cross, the big SM installation trail that really illuminated how enragingly uptight and sterile SM culture could be. You were only allowed along the trail if you'd gone to the proper workshop and gotten a *card*. A workshop we were all much too hungover to attend but what the fuck anyway, the whole shebang was happening right across the path from our camp site, in our hood, and we would not be denied entrance for lack of a goddamn *card*. Irritated that attendees were told not to drink before attending, Tux and I swigged from the bottle of Jim Beam I kept belted to my hip like, I imagined, a pioneer, and bypassed the long line of curious women patiently waiting to be admitted into the first station. Marching obnoxiously through some tall weeds, we found a lady hanging naked from a tree, looking perhaps asleep or deeply bored, while an equally disinterested lady swung a flogger at her in a deadening, hypnotic rhythm. The flogger noticed me and Tux, yelled at us for skipping ahead of the line and viewing the installations out of order, demanded to see our *cards*, then booted us off her little patch of paradise.

We skipped away gleefully. We had wanted to be oppressed by humorless SM lesbians, and now that we'd suceeded, we were free to dredge up new bratty exploits. I found my playa and as it happened she had a spare moment to fuck me in some bushes, bushes I hoped were not the same ones I'd been pissing in all week. I brought the playa back to the tent I was sharing with Ziggy, who had also brought home a trick, and the four of us wiggled into the two-person tent and fucked around and someone had a knife, which made a terrible, accidental slit in the side of the tent–which was not Ziggy's but borrowed from a friend. All night the Midwestern skies dumped an awesome amount of rain upon our tents, and I awoke in the morning to the sound of a stranger getting thoroughly fucked, my face in a muddy puddle of cold rainwater, eager to begin another day in nature. **oob**

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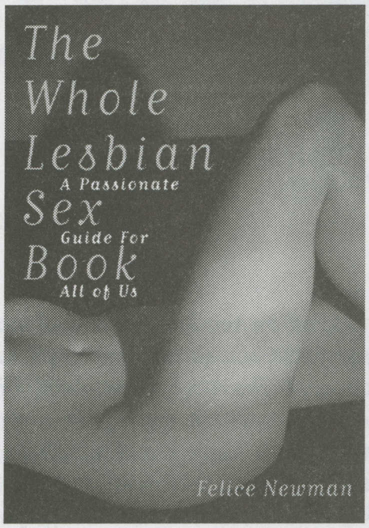

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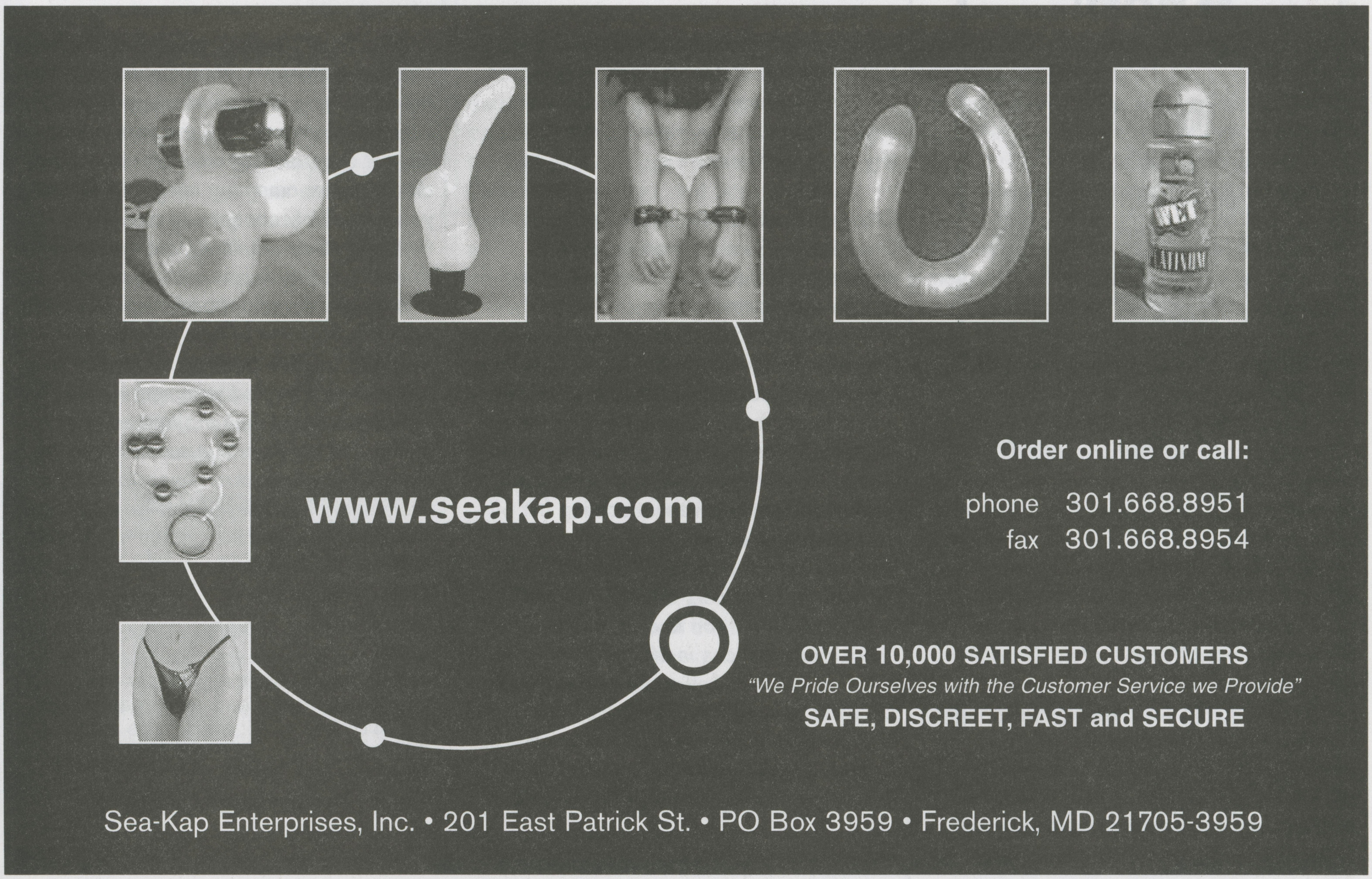

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Herpes Precautions

My girlfriend's past lover had herpes. She has shown no signs of outbreak symptoms since we have been together, and we both assume that she didn't contract the virus. However, I still worry about sharing toys with her; we often share a dildo. How cautious should I be?

For maximum safety, you should not share toys. If you like the same toy, buy two and mark them appropriately. Until then, use a fresh condom each time you switch from one pussy to the other. It might not be a bad idea for her to consult a physician, even if she has shown no sign of outbreaks. She can get a blood test which can detect the presence of the virus in her system. Also, a doctor can advise her on the care and control of any future outbreaks.

Obsessed with a Top

One night while shooting pool I met a woman whom I found intensely attractive. I had an overwhelming urge to approach her on my knees and address her as master. I was with a large group of friends, otherwise I might have done it. She told me her name and address, but I am afraid to look her up for fear of seeming too aggressive. I am new to this feeling of submissiveness. How can I approach her without scaring her off or making her angry?

To have an unbidden, heretofore-unknown feeling rush over you is one of the most intense experiences in life. It is wonderful to be touched and awoken in this manner. Do what you would do in any similar situation: tell the person what you are feeling. It is important to first find out if she is into playing that way before asking to be topped by her. It is never appropriate to request that someone top you without their consent. The most important skill in any sexual situation is negotiation and communication. These are things that are developed over time, with practice. It's okay to be new at this kind of play. Good luck!

Rough Fisting

My girlfriend and I enjoy fisting each other. I like it really rough and was wondering if there are any health implications to worry about. Can vigorous fisting damage me in any way? Are there any symptoms I need to look out for?

Good news: vigorous vaginal fisting does not cause any physical damage to the vagina. As long as you and your partner are not experiencing any pain, bleeding, discharge, or cramping after your activities, you may safely continue to enjoy this thrilling activity. Ironically, the main damage to watch out for is a repetitive stress injury to the shoulder joint from using your shoulder muscles to fuck your partner. My hand used to become numb due to the awkward angle I assumed while fucking, coupled with the tremendous strength of my lover's pussy crushing my hand as she fucked me back. In order to avoid injury it is best to change positions often and pay attention to any muscular strain you may experience. Otherwise, just make sure to keep your nails very short and use plenty of lube!

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way.
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e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Worship Her Feet

by Rachel Venning

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

All day long we tromp and stomp doing errands, getting to and from work, maybe even jogging or hiking. Poor little tootsies. With every step they collide with the ground with a force greater than the weight of the body above them. How faithfully they serve us, and how little love they receive in return. While a few devotees are so enamored of feet that they become fetishists who require a foot or a shoe to have sexual satisfaction, most of us are more traditional tits and ass girls. You may not need 6-inch stilettos to get you aroused, but cultivating an appreciation of toes and feet will make you a preferred lover.

1. Pamper Her Feet

A pedicure makes feet feel so much better. If you're more of a stomp-around-in-steel-toes type, trim toenails and well cared-for cuticles will make your feet happy and your lovers more likely to ogle your arches. For those of you just getting started, set yourself up with one of those kits available at any drug store–it has clippers, a nail file, cuticle pushers, and fun foam toe separators. Soak the feet first to soften them up.

2. Paint Her Nails

If you're a femme (or a nail polish fan), the best person to maintain your feet is your lover. If she doesn't suggest it herself, show her your new nail polish and ask her to do it for you. There is no end of fun painting possibilities.

FANCY FOOTWEAR

Whether it's stilettos, thigh-high latex, or a well-loved pair of work boots, shoes can add a lot to a foot encounter. If you want your feet to be worshipped, dress them like goddesses. At one sexy extreme are see-through plastic pumps, but your daily footwear can be plenty hot. In the dog days of summer, think toe cleavage. Any sandals in which your toes are squeezed gently together and exposed are sure to entice admirers. For a more authoritarian look, go with boots–the shinier, the better. Whether or not you have a date to appreciate your efforts, sexy shoes are a self-care ritual that will have you walking taller and feeling good.

3. Rub Them the Right Way

When her dogs are barking, a traditional foot massage will help release the tensions of the day, bring a smile to her face, and perhaps soften her up for further adventures. Having your shoes and socks lovingly removed, the little lint balls whisked away from in between your toes, and the tired foot muscles tenderly rubbed and soothed is an ideal way to transition from the hectic demands of being out in the world to the intimacies of time with your sweetie. Spoil her feet with a peppermint foot balm. Reflexology, shiatsu, and other massage traditions all use special points in the feet which are especially good for releasing energy. For starters, try the side of the big toe, and the sensuous valley between the toes and the ball of the feet.

4. Use Your Tongue

Let your tongue do the walking. Take that traditional foot massage and sex it up. Use that soft mouth to stimulate the tender spots. Pay attention to how she's responding, and if she gets the giggles push harder with your tongue, or back off for a moment until the tickles subside. Licking, kissing, burying your face in her feet will all feel wonderful.

5. Suck Them

Take as much of her foot in your mouth as you can, and suck with abandon. It's hard to deep throat a foot, but it's fun to try.

6. Shine Her Shoes

Let her know you've got her feet in mind by buffing her boots or shining her stilettos. Shoe care is a sure flag that you're a foot-worshipping acolyte preparing the temple.

7. Bootlicking

If your lover is a top, lick her boots. This will give her (and you) a psychological and sensory thrill. As you devotedly tongue your way along her arch and across her toes, press hard with your tongue so she can feel it through the leather. Give her a show–let her see your tongue slide across her shoes, arch your back so your ass is in the air, and if you're very, very lucky you may get a spanking.

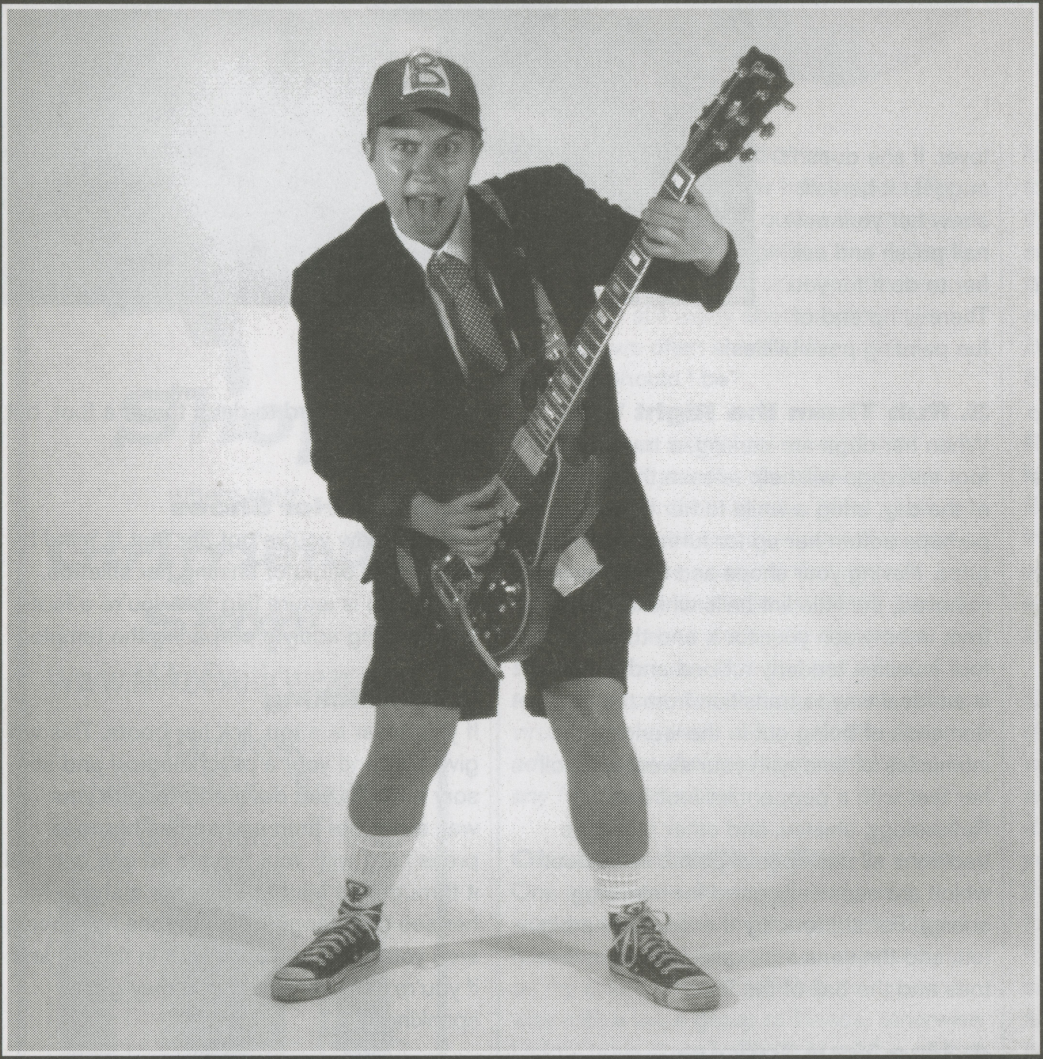
8. Toe-fucking

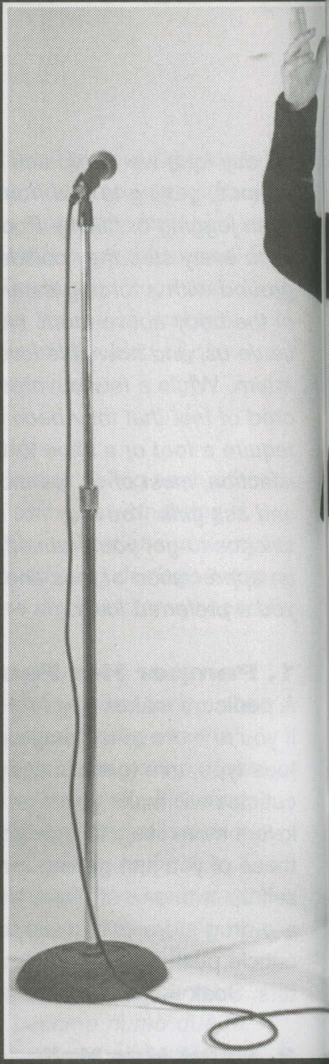
Toes don't always have to be passive recipients of devotion–they can fuck too. Five sexy fat little piggies sliding against your clit can feel divine. And with a nice smooth pedicure they needn't stop there! Penetrating with toes is sexy and fun. For a power surge, do it to a girl lying naked on the floor. Or try getting off against a bound bottom's willing feet. Explore a variation of sixty-nine with toes instead of mouths.

Rachel Venning is the cofounder of Toys in Babeland and the publisher of www.babeland.com.

the butchies misbehave

photography by Tammy Rae Carland





Name: Kaia Lynn Wilson as AC/DC's Angus Young

Identity: Tom-boy-butch lezzie

Turn-ons: Having my knees caressed,
at least this is what my astrology book says.

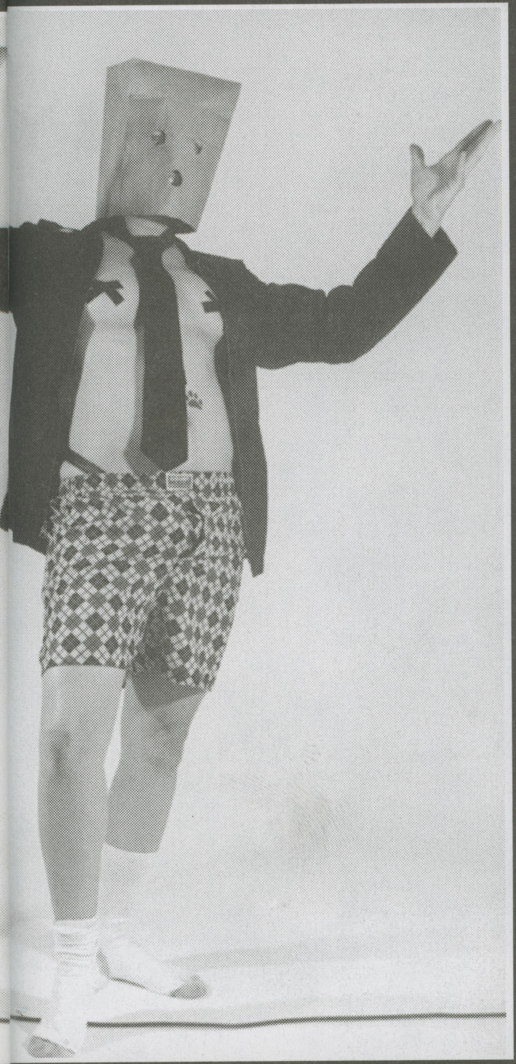
Turn-offs: Not having my knees caressed

Sex act she would most like to try: Boobie-footing

Favorite place to masturbate: In the backseat of
the van on tour

Her type: Sassy pants ladies

Her idea of the perfect kiss: No crazy tongue nonsense.
It starts slow and tentative and grows really intense.



Name: Melissa Jane York as The Unknown Comic

Identity: A dorky dyke.

Turn-ons: Touch

Turn-offs: Crankiness

Sex act she would most like to try: For me to know...

Favorite place to masturbate: Bed, couch, chair... anywhere.

Her type: Sweet

Her idea of the perfect kiss: Gentle. Open. With a touch of tension.

Name: Alison Martlew as Grace Jones

Identity: Butch top with versatility

Turn-ons: Mellow people who like to have fun

Turn-offs: Pretentious people

Sex act she would most like to try: I've already tried it all!

Favorite place to masturbate: In my room

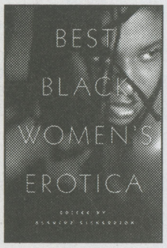
Her type: Strong femmes

Her idea of the perfect kiss: One that lasts so long you forget your name and where you are.

Best Black Women's Erotica

edited by Blanche Richardson

[Cleis Press]



This exciting new anthology is filled with amazingly written sex by some of today's top African American writers, as well as up-and-coming authors. After Iyanla Vanzant's sizzling introduction, we're whisked right into a world of steamy anonymous phone sex, and from there anything goes. Aya de Leon's "Lifestyles" could just be the most hilarious erotic story I've ever read, as her protagonist finds herself being harangued for her celibate ways from a most unusual (and delightful) source. MR Daniel's "sex hall" features a hot public dyke-sex scene, while Nilaja Montgomery's "That's What Friends Are For" will thrill and arouse you, as three friends wind up consoling their forlorn girlfriend after a breakup—straight into bed! These stories feature bold, exciting women who don't wait around for sex to find them, but actively pursue it, sometimes getting more than they'd bargained for (as in Renee Swindle's "Five Hundred Dollars").

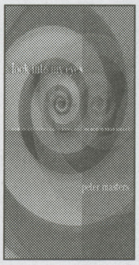
Bottom line: these juicy stories are ones you'll want to savor and return to often. **rkb**

Look into My Eyes:

How to Use Hypnosis to Bring Out the Best in Your Sex Life

by Peter Masters

[Greenery Press]



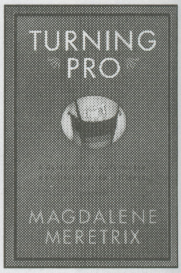
Ever wanted to have sex on the moon, fuck a rock star, or attend a Roman orgy? According to Peter Masters, those are only a few of the fantasies that can be lived-out by combining sex with the powers of hypnosis. Masters's book is an easy-to-read guide that gives in-depth instructions on how to safely and responsibly hypnotize your partner and use the power of suggestion to enhance role-play and fantasy scenarios. For Masters, the imagination seems to be the most powerful source of the erotic, and his book is filled with exercises designed to maximize, explore, and test its span. Enthusiasts of power play may also want to give hypnosis a try as dominance and submission are integral to the relationship between hypnotist and hypnotized. Through a no-nonsense approach, Masters demystifies hypnotism and shows how it can become another tool in your erotic toy chest.

Bottom line: learn to hypnotize your lover into doing what you want. **mg**

Turning Pro

by Magdelene Meretrix

[Greenery Press]



Based on her seventeen years' experience as a prostitute, *Turning Pro* tells you everything you ever wanted to know (and some things you didn't) about selling sex. Whether working on the streets or in a brothel, Meretrix reveals all the "tricks of the trade," from dealing with menstruation to negotiating prices. There are tons of Web resources for more information, as well as important reading on legalities and sex workers' rights. Meretrix approaches her subject matter with the friendly, often humorous manner of an older and infinitely wiser sister. She reveals the importance of being an informed, caring, and ultimately professional prostitute, rather than just a ho.

Bottom line: an illuminating guide to all kinds of sex work and life as a sex worker. **jp**

Premiere Nudes

Photographed by Albert Arthur Allen

[Twin Palms Publishing]

When is a naked woman not a naked woman? When she's a nude. From 1916 to 1930, Albert Arthur Allen photographed naked women and called it art. *Premiere Nudes*, a coffee table selection of his work, functions as both a footnote to the history of erotic photography and a glimpse into an obsessive psyche. Allowing his family to foot the bill, Allen spent his life concocting pseudoscientific theories about his work, exaggerating his client-base, and fighting for the right not to airbrush out pubic hair. In 1923, he was permanently crippled when his motorcycle collided with a streetcar. Although in 1924 he could confidently write, "We are entering a period of nudity," by 1927, he'd been professionally and financially ruined.

Bottom line: the women in these pictures increasingly reflect the artist's existential anguish, which, I suppose, makes these photographs art. **vr**

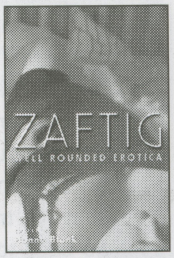
Better with a bush from *Premiere Nudes*

review staff

rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
mc . Meghan Cooney,
mg . Myriam Gurba,
jp . Jen Phillips
vr . Virginia Rail

Zaftig: Well Rounded Erotica

edited by Hanne Blank
[Cleis Press]



For all the "big girls" out there, or those who love and lust after them, this book is for you. Every story features big (or fat, zaftig, juicy) women or men who want good hot sex without compromises. From the saucy woman who saunters in and out of a professor's fantasies in "Office Hours," by Dawn Dougherty, to SM dykes Gwen and Val who engage in a hot scene at a play party in "Cleavage" by Diana Lee, these are women who go after what (and whom) they want and never doubt their own sensual power. In editor Blank's own story, "Denial," Lou decides that he'd rather hold onto his self-esteem than fuck a woman who only wants him for his size. And in one of my favorite stories, Lori Selke's "Big Girls, Little Girls," her protagonist gets exactly what she's looking for, spread across her lover's lap.

Bottom line: a triumph for anyone who's not a size 6 and doesn't aspire to be. **rkb**

Set in Stone

edited by Angela Brown
[Cleis Press]

This brilliant, smoking-hot anthology is the long-awaited answer to my erotic fiction fantasies. I ravaged each unique butch-butch encounter on a journey through motor homes and bathroom orgies to the dark decks of a pirate ship. This passionate clashing of erotic force inspired me with orgasmic daydreams of sleek, studly cops and bad-ass biker chicks. With contributions from Patrick Califia-Rice, M. Christian, Leslea Newman, Anne Seale, and Lisa E. Davis, this collection explodes the butch mystique with intelligent plot lines and raw accounts of sex between two tops who know all each others' secrets.

Bottom line: if you find it difficult to keep your legs closed at the sight of a butch, read this. **mc**

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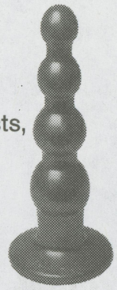
mc . Meghan Cooney
ls . Lauryn Siegel
tt . Tristan Taormino

The Ripple

[Tantus, $34.95]



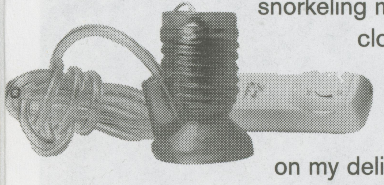
For some anal pleasure enthusiasts, that first moment when the sphincter muscles relax, and something can slide comfortably inside the ass, is pure ecstasy. Anal beads let you experience that moment several times over, but they can be a pain to clean. Well, along comes The Ripple, a butt plug based on the same concept, that will hit the spot as your ass closes around each new ball and give you a fuller feeling than those scrawny beads.

Bottom line: anal bead lovers will cream for this plug. **tt**

Nipple and Clit Seducer

[Lady Calston $27.95]

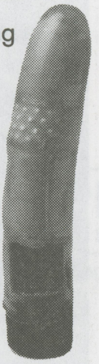
I'm a dyke, not a human pretzel, but I still want my morning pussy-licking. So Lady Calston granted my orgasm in the Nipple and Clit Seducer. The toy resembles a snorkeling mask; so with closed eyes, I placed the soft jelly suction cup on my delighted clit, raised the PVC tube to my mouth, and took the pussy pleasure dive. The PVC tube provides pressure variation as you suck and tease; my clit and breath throbbed in a perfectly synchronized escalation toward climax. The attached variable speed provided an orgasm-saving pleasure burst when I released the suction tube in an excited exhalation.



Bottom line: make your auto-cunnilingus dreams come true. **mc**

Ocean Pearl

[Lady Calston $38.95]



This clear blue vibe includes rotating pearls, a free packet of lube, a slutty looking mermaid on the cover, and to top it off, it's waterproof! What I liked most about this good-sized vibe is the fact that the clear blue jelly allows you to see everything going on inside. It reminded me of those clear plastic phones from the eighties. Before you dive into the deep blue sea with this mondo machine, give it a test run on land. This thing is as powerful as a small motor boat! Most of the power is concentrated at the tip, which renders the pearls somewhat useless.

Bottom line: my bathtime is now a lot more fun. **ls**

Annie Sprinkle Love Handle

[Sensual Signatures $200]

Designed by Annie Sprinkle, and handcrafted in Thailand of solid black marble this toy looks and feels very much like a sacred object, just right for worshipping at the altar of my pussy. The innovative design allows you to exert very firm pressure against the G spot. The marble looks intimidating, but once you slide it in you'll realize that the hardness of the material is like nothing you've ever experienced. Rather than warming right away to body temperature, it stays cool, stimulating the nerve endings at the root of the clitoris. Now that I've tried this I don't know if I can ever go back to all of my cheap, glittery plastic toys.

Bottom line: an art object for your coochie **dc**

Gee Whiz

[Vixen Creations $49.95]

Vixen is known for great design and this baby is no exception. The Gee Whiz attachment fits snugly on the head of a Hitachi Magic Wand style vibrator, transforming it into a high-powered, vibrating silicone dildo. The slightly realistic shaped dildo curves upward for maximum G spot stimulation and a small bump protrudes from the edge of the cap strategically targeting vibrations to your clit. It's an intense combination to say the least. With the added oomph of penetration, this little number quickly took me over the edge.

Bottom line: heavy-duty vibration and penetration for wand lovers. **dc**

click.it

Strap-on.org

Billing itself as "a girl-positive, queer-positive, sex-positive online community," Strap-on.org has a lot to offer curious queer girls. Whether you want to learn where to shop for sex toys around the country, send a postcard of Rosie the Riveter saying "Fisting. We Can Do It!" or learn about trans-activism and how you can get involved, Strap-on.org is for you. With saucy images, a thriving message board, and a lively spirit behind it, this relatively new site is one to watch. **rkb**

isna.org

The official site of the Intersex Society of North America is chock-full of information not covered by the mainstream media. It is "devoted to systemic change to end shame, secrecy, and unwanted genital surgeries for people born with atypical sex anatomy." This site is well-organized and up-to-date. Get information on everything from the reason they avoid the word "hermaphrodite" to statistics about clitoridectomy. Be sure to check out the chart comparing the concealment-centered vs. patient-centered model for treatment of those born intersexed. **rkb**

The-clitoris.com

The title of this site pretty much says it all. It's packed with all kinds of sex ed info from a woman's point of view, has lovely graphics, and is easy to navigate and quick to load. As they state, "a good understanding of the clitoris is essential to the sexual health and emotional happiness of women." With detailed information on everything from genital piercings, masturbation, cunnilingus, health, fantasy, anatomy, and orgasm, you could spend days feasting on all this fabulous knowledge about your clit, so get to it! **rkb**

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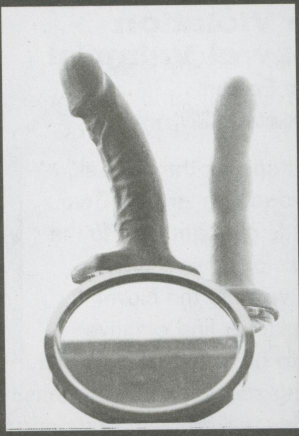

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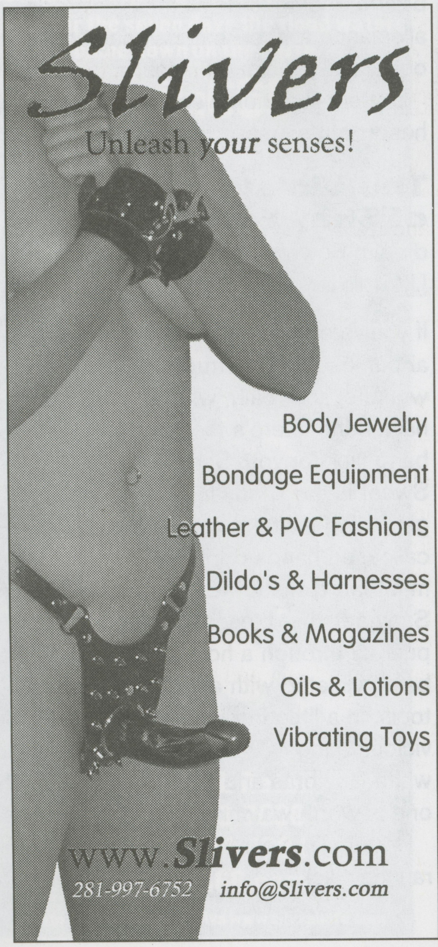

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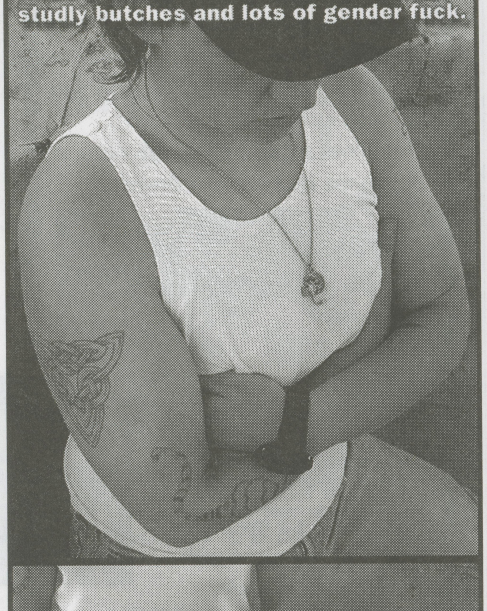

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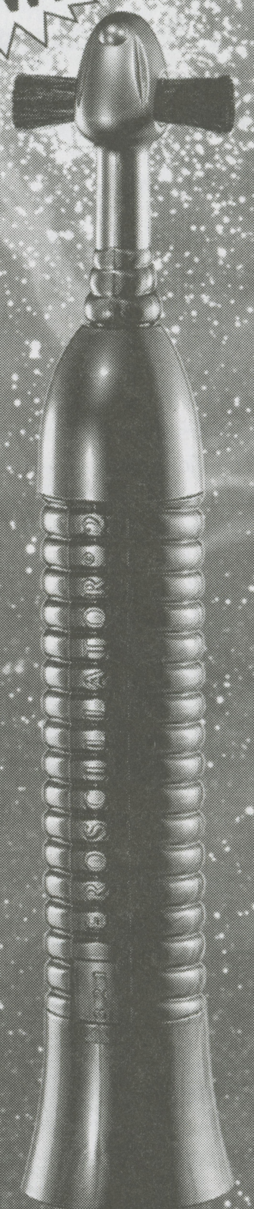

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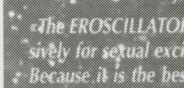

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Lesbian Gang Bangs

Mainstream porn throws some all-girl parties

by Diana Cage

For the most part mainstream porn leaves much to be desired. Even in all-girl romps there are huge pitfalls to overcome, silicone tits and long nails being the least of them. The actresses may be licking pussy like champs, but rarely are they believable as lesbians. The Violation of… *a series of lesbian gang bang videos, has all of those problems and more, but if you're looking for skin flicks with lots of wild girls using lots of wild toys you'll find what you need here. There are over twenty titles in this series, and they all stick to the same format. After an initial one-on-one scene, some unfortunate actress finds herself the target of a group of semi-psychotic, mechanical-cock-wielding lesbians. Expect lots of raunchy sex and close-up penetration shots. Most of these videos manage to walk the line between comedy and rape fantasy without getting too offensive. However, I recommend keeping a healthy sense of humor and judiciously using the fast forward button. Here are a few of the better choices.*

The Violation of Gina Ryder

dir. Jim Powers
[JM Productions, 1999]

The intro to this heartwarming video, scrolled across the screen to the patriotic tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever," reads in part: "This is the story of what women's soccer is all about, and the hard-core driving lesbian rage that resides within every successful female athlete." Poor little Gina Ryder plays the new girl on the soccer team. Coach Apples stirs up the other girls into a loud and raunchy fuck-frenzy while they teach Gina the way to be a more focused, better player. Gina maintains her terrified expression throughout the ordeal, which is commendable given the hilariously bad dialogue.

Bottom line: lots of soccer references make good inside jokes.

The Violation of Cinnabunz

dir. Jim Powers
[JM Productions, 1999]

This was one of the better titles in the series. Little hottie Cinnabunz wants to join a lesbian street gang. For her initiation, the other gang members pull a train on her. The all-black cast have real female bodies. Sexy hips and asses abound and not a fake boob in the lot. The actresses have lots of sexual energy and Cinnabunz is really enjoying herself. The sex is a bit on the nasty side: spit is used for lubing up oversized dildos, and they all talk a good game. One of the highlights here is the enthusiastic oral sex performed throughout, giving it a more realistic lesbian feel, if you ask me. The other actresses get hot from watching the action and decide to join in the fun, so overall it plays like a big sexy orgy rather than a gang bang. The opening one-on-one scene is as hot as anything I've seen in mainstream or queer porn.

Bottom line: a good cast with natural bodies makes this one worthwhile.

The Violation of Jade Marcela

dir. Jim Powers
[JM Productions, 2000]

This time around we get a military theme. The setting is an army barracks. After pissing off her fellow privates, Jade Marcela gets awoken in the middle of the night with rolled up towels in a silly porno homage to Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*. The smut-talking actresses would be far more offensive if they could only stop giggling. The sex in this one is pretty hard-core, with many shots of faceless penetration. Jade Marcela plays a great abused victim, but still seems to be having a pretty good time. Hit fast forward if the dildo-sheathed guns disturb you.

Bottom line: the sex is hot, but the dialogue is unbearable.

The Violation of Jewel Valmont

dir. Jim Powers
[JM Productions, 1999]

Here's one for the plaid skirt and wooden ruler fans. Two bad little girls get sent to the the disciplinarian's office. While waiting, the clever young ladies find creative ways to busy themselves. The opening scene is nice and fetishy as the two girls pull off plaid skirts and white cotton panties. Heads up for spanking fans: when the evil schoolmistress catches the girls in the act, they get a healthy introduction to a wooden ruler. Soon the team of young school vixens pin down their evil schoolmistress and turn the tables on her. Luckily, someone brought enough strap-ons to go around. The particularly bizarre ending finds all the girls pledging allegiance to the American flag as it sticks out of Jewel Valmont's ass.

Bottom line: horny schoolgirls and an evil headmistress make this one fun.

The Violation of Shay Sweet

dir. Jim Powers
[JM Productions, 1998]

If you've ever fantasized about lesbian construction workers, and really, who hasn't, then here's the gang bang flick for you. Shay Sweet is the snotty little rich girl facing maltreatment at the calloused hands of dirty-mouthed diesel dyke construction workers. Shay gets her bleached- blond head pushed through a hole in the wall before being violated with all manner of power tools. In a little frat-boy-fantasy touch, the vicious gang of diesel dykes are all wearing white lacy bras and thong underwear. This one is worth watching just for the outfits.

Bottom line: camp appeal helps out this raunchy flick.

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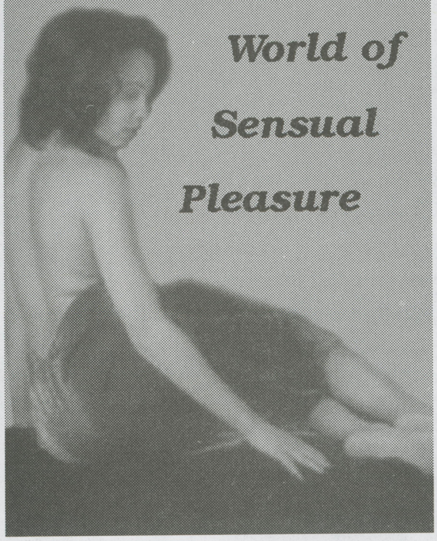

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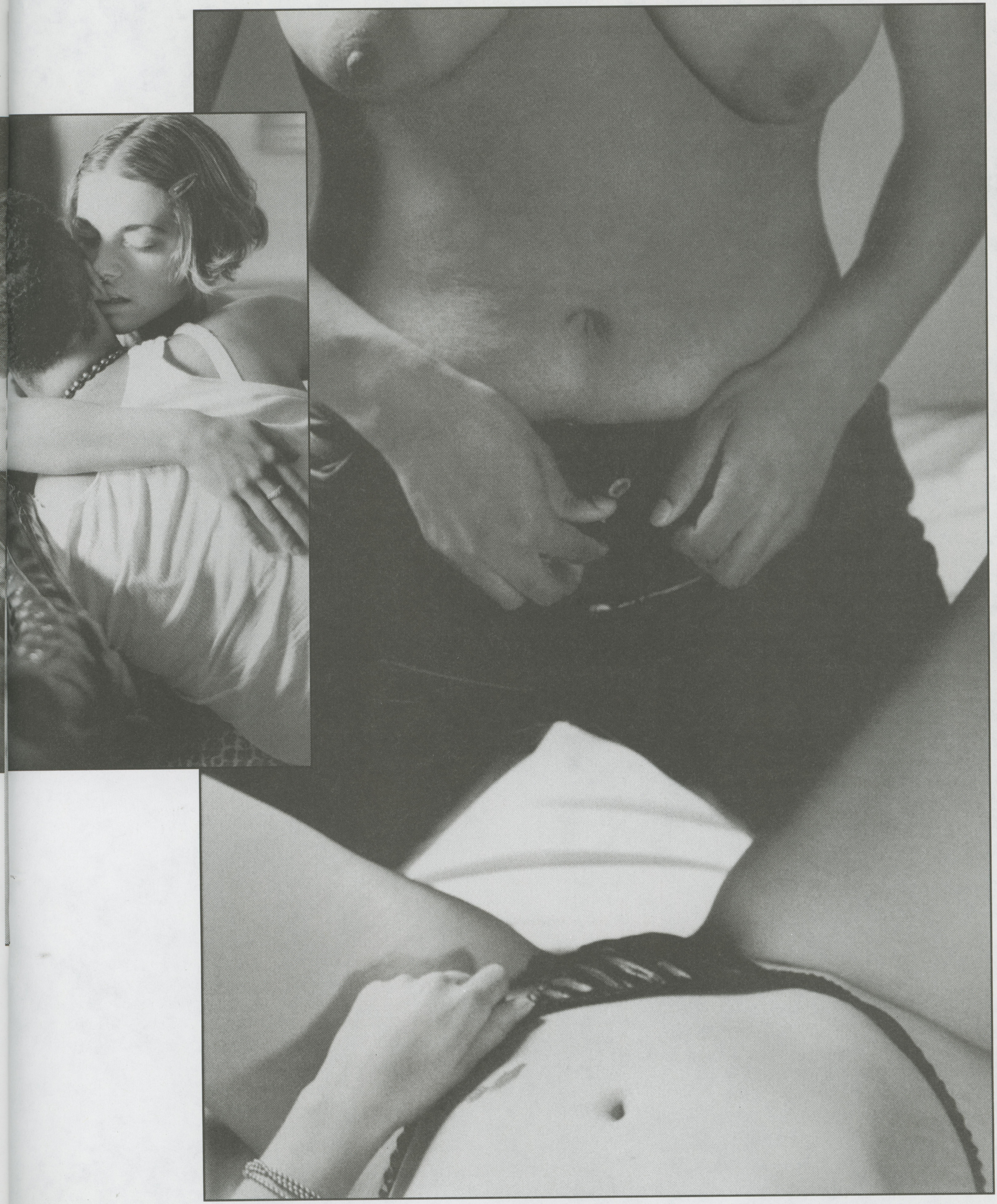
Lust in the Afternoon

photography by
Phyllis Christopher

Kierra and Caitlin's relationship had always been flirtatious and sexually charged. The two girls worked together at their local bookstore and spent most of their days at work plotting how to get the other into bed. One morning before work, Caitlin decided she was tired of waiting around for Kierra to make a move. Lacing up her favorite slutty, knee-high boots she resolved to score with Kierra that afternoon.The boots worked their magic wonderfully and the two girls snuck off for a long lunch at Kierra's place, kissing and stroking and fucking each other until they fell into an exhausted heap. **dc**



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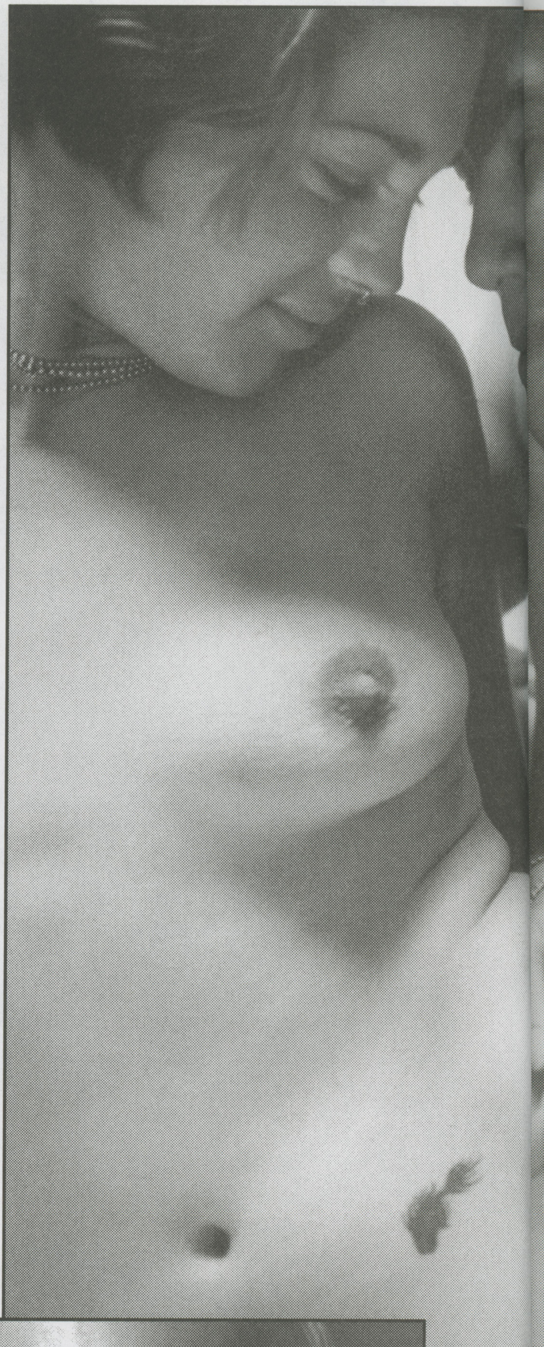
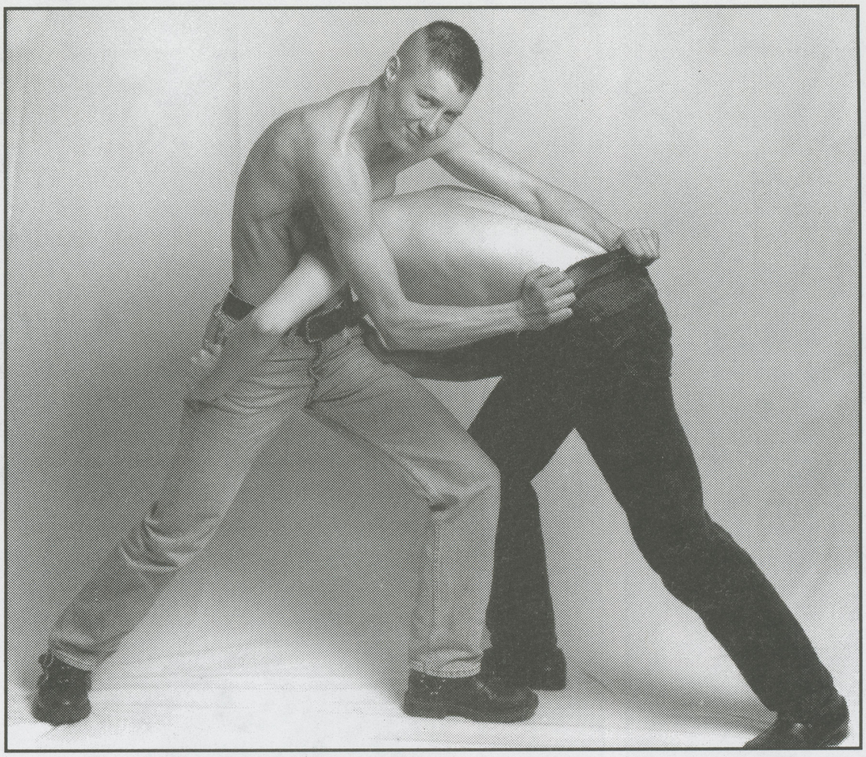


tricks or traitors

Should lesbians stand by their men?

by Jackie Cohen

photography by
Del LaGrace Volcano



These days it seems like all the dykes are transitioning–from female to male. And their lovers face the prospect of losing their identity as lesbians if they stick with their partners.

"When you're walking around on the street, everyone thinks you're heterosexual," admits Annie Sprinkle, who documented her romance with a transsexual male in the controversial *Linda/Les Loves Annie* back in 1989. "So when I was with Les, everyone assumed I was with a man, especially because he had a beard. That was a little uncomfortable."

Naturally, these fears are even harder for the FTM person to deal with. Jamison Green, one of the original founders of FTM International, recalls that it took him decades to get the courage to go through with the transition to maleness–even though he experienced gender confusion from day one. By the age of twenty, he realized he was most likely a transsexual. But that truth was frightening; in the 1970s, transsexuals were practically invisible. Very few transsexuals, especially of the FTM variety were out. When a dyke friend announced that she was becoming a he, Green felt conflicted: it didn't jive with the feminist ideology he'd embraced as part of dykedom. Yet the lesbian scene wasn't a perfect fit for him either, especially as his self-awareness grew.

"The very first time I made love with my girlfriend of fourteen years, she said, 'I don't know how to tell you this, but I feel like I was just with a man,'" recounts Green, who replied at the time, "'I don't know how to tell you this, but I think you just were with a man.'" Over the years, "she was very cool about it, but when I began transitioning to male, she said, 'Do what you need to do. I'll support you, but I don't know if I can stay with you.'"

About one in 100,000 females opt for sex-change operations, according to the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*. But the actual number of FTMs is much higher, since the vast majority just take testosterone and get mastectomies, without genital reassignment.

"The FTM community is a lot more visible and accessible. There are female-bodied people transitioning now who ten years ago would have remained in the lesbian community all their lives," says Patrick Califia-Rice, who spent thirty years in the lesbian community before coming out again as FTM.

Visibility and awareness have grown thanks to the rise of groups like FTM International, a several hundred member support, education, and advocacy group, with a Web site and regular meetings. And as similar organizations continue to pop up around the world, the Internet has been enabling more transgendered people to find these communities. In addition there are growing ranks of therapists and surgeons who address these issues, armed with better knowledge and medical techniques. And as public awareness increases, some states, municipalities, and employers are implementing policies to protect the rights of transsexuals.

But of course, there's still a lot more people who have trouble adjusting comfortably to transgender identity. "I knew that some of my lesbian friends were not very happy about my transition, but they usually did not talk about those feelings of grief or anger with me, so it was hard to be sure exactly how many were disapproving or upset," says Califia-Rice. "About ten percent of my lesbian friends have grief about the part of me, the lesbian identity, that's gone. And people like my landlord and the folks at the grocery store are puzzled. What happens the most is that people get their pronouns mixed up."

> the very first time i made love with my girlfriend of fourteen years, she said, 'i don't know how to tell you this, but i feel like i was just with a man.'

With all of the social taboos, deciding to take the plunge is still difficult. Most physicians require at least one letter of recommendation from a therapist before they will administer testosterone. Before they can qualify for surgery, transmen must tell at least a few friends and/or family members of their decision as well as take hormones and live in their gender of preference for at least a year. These prerequisites and other ethical guidelines are detailed in the much-touted Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association's *Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorders*, first drafted in 1979 and recently republished in its sixth revision.

The association's Executive Director, Bean Robinson, notes that these guidelines have eased up a bit, as the association has in recent years adopted the attitude that there are more than two absolute gender categories. "More and more of our patients are choosing a place somewhere along the continuum–hormones but not surgery, for instance," says Robinson. "Some want to have mastectomies, but not genital surgeries, preferring to wait until better techniques become available."

Surgeons and therapists increasingly consider patients' readiness for surgery on a case-by-case basis. "Not everyone needs to see a therapist first," says Michael L. Brownstein, a San Francisco-based surgeon who's been performing sex changes since the late 1970s. "If someone has been living in the male role for twenty years, and just now has the money for surgery, I don't see any reason for them to have to go into therapy just to get the magic recommendation letter."

But that's not to say that none require therapy. "Some of our patients do have mental health problems and may suffer from depression, and sometimes it gets better with the treatment for the gender dysphoria," says Robinson.

Things may or may not improve for the partners of FTMs once they begin the transition, depending on how the couple chooses to label themselves and other interpersonal dynamics. So, is it worthwhile to stand by your woman after she tells you she wants to become a he?

"I wouldn't advise anyone to be politically correct about this," says Califia-Rice. "What is PC is to support people for self-actualization, but that doesn't necessarily mean you need to date them. The first thing you need to do is clarify your own boundaries. If you identify as lesbian, and your partner wants to transition to a male identity, the relationship might not work. While a separation under these conditions is bound to be painful, I think it's a legitimate reason to end the relationship. There are FTMs who want to hang on to part of their dyke identity, however. Partners of FTMs may identify as lesbian, bisexual or heterosexual. They can also label themselves as queer since transgendered people and their partners fall under that large umbrella. There are many possibilities. When the relationship is a good one, I mostly see people choosing to stay together and strategizing to make it work. True love is not that easy to find or that easy to give up once you've got it." **oob**

A dyke's guide to fucking genderfuckers

Jumping into bed with that hottie who looks like a boy can be terribly tempting, but take a deep breath before you assume she's just another really butch lesbian. *He* might be an FTM, and you may want to consider the following things as you navigate the terrain of trans sex. Remember, too, that these tips are not just for dyke partners of transmen–they may prove helpful for all sorts of female masculinities, including butches, boydykes, bois, and other genderqueers.

Gender Identity: How does your partner identify? As trans, a dude, or just Jack? Ask your lover what s/he wants to be referred to, and while you are at it, get a handle on the preferred pronoun, so you don't get it wrong in the heat of the moment.

Second Skin: Whether it's a binder or a tight sports bra, boxers or briefs, a harness or a "packy," trannyboys can be very particular about what they put on and what they take off. Be prepared for some of it to stay on indefinitely; don't assume you need full nudity to be intimate and sexy.

Body Politics: Trans-identified people often feel a sense of discomfort or disconnection from specific parts or all of their bodies; their relationship to their own body can shift and change as they transition. Is there always a dick between his legs, no matter if he's got the harness and cock on or off? Can you play with his tits and nipples or should you ignore them altogether? Does he identify as stone or is he ready to get done? Is his ass fair game? Find out where your partner's comfort zones are, and what places may be totally off limits. Respect those limits, and make the most of what's available.

The Place Formerly Known as Pussy: Speaking of off-limits, since most trannies do not opt for phalloplasty, a pussy is still part of the package, along with a much larger clit for those boys on testosterone. How does he feel about his cunt? Does he want you to touch or penetrate it at all, and, if so, how? What do you call it–his hole, his dick, his member?

Do Ask, Do Tell: Communication is key as you negotiate sex with an FTM. Each person has a unique set of boundaries and triggers. Talk specifics as much as you can and listen to each other. Don't let a change in gender identity prevent you from having the mind-blowing sex you both deserve. **tt**

Taking Care of Sex Workers

Up close with adult industry veteran Sharon Mitchell

by Tristan Taormino

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Sharon Mitchell is taking AIM at healthcare.

Miss Sharon Mitchell is a true veteran of the adult industry, working in it for more than twenty-five years. Mitch (as her friends fondly call her) began her career in 1975, has performed in over 2000 porn movies, danced in venues all over the world, and produced and directed more than forty movies. In 1996, she survived a near fatal attack by a crazed fan, which changed her life forever. Shortly afterward, she returned to college and became a certified counselor specializing in HIV and chemical dependency. In 1998, Mitch founded the Adult Industry Medical Healthcare Foundation (AIM), for which she serves as Executive Director. AIM is a nonprofit organization serving sex workers and the general public with HIV and STD testing, gynecological services, counseling, and education. In February 2001, she was invited by the South African Government to help write documentation that was submitted to the Minister of Health for the purpose of forming a sex worker organization for better health care. As Mitch prepared to move the offices of AIM, On Our Backs *sat down to talk to her about her struggle with heroin addiction, her years as a porn star, and how she is giving back to the adult industry.*

On Our Backs: The first lesbian porn movie I ever saw was *Suburban Dykes*, and it had such a big impact on me. That's really how I first met you, on the screen, and that may be where many of our readers were first introduced to you. How did you end up doing that video?

Sharon Mitchell: I forget exactly who called me–Susie Bright, Debi Sundahl, or maybe it was Nina [Hartley]. It sounded like a great project to me and I was happy to do it.

OOB: You didn't exactly girl it up in that movie. I mean you played a butch leatherdyke sex worker who made house calls. Any similarities between that character and you?

SM: At times in my life, sure, that was suitable for me. I was in relationships with women over the years, and often was considered the butch one. Now, I just think of myself as an assertive strong woman.

OOB: Did you feel that taking the role and being in a dyke-produced movie would adversely affect your image in the mainstream porn world?

SM: No, not at all. I did gay and bi movies, I did lesbian movies, I never worried about how it was gonna affect me. I made a good name for myself in film in the seventies, in video in the eighties, and as a director/producer in the nineties. I just did what I wanted.

OOB: Do you remember the first time we met in person?

SM: Yes, I think it was at the World Pornography Conference.

OOB: Yeah, I went to an orgy, and you were there, and I was just in awe of you. And at some point you put like almost your entire hand in my ass.

SM: That was great, and it was wonderful. I remember that fondly because it was a lot of fun. Yes, that was very memorable for me, and you have a great ass.

OOB: Thanks. What was the best part and the worst part, for you, about working as an actress in the adult industry?

SM: The best part was the camaraderie and the friendship that I found. And the attention and the adoration, the fame, which is what I think I went into it for, and which I definitely got. The worst part was that I feel that the industry abandons its actors, which I thought was wrong. There was no healthcare, no counseling, no information that I really needed, that people in the industry really needed. That's why I am doing my job now. I am doing something about what I think was missing, providing service for some of the holes that were missing.

OOB: So how did you first start AIM?

SM: I was clean and sober for a couple of years and finding it difficult to be in the business and be clean and sober. I wanted to move on, I wanted to turn and walk away and blame my heroin addiction on the porn business, not on what the higher powers of the universe had in store for me.

OOB: How long were you addicted to heroin?

SM: I shot dope for twenty years. I had lots of financing through the porn business, and heroin worked for me for fifteen years. It kept me calm and relaxed, and I could perform better, both on screen and in life. Heroin was the biggest love of my life.

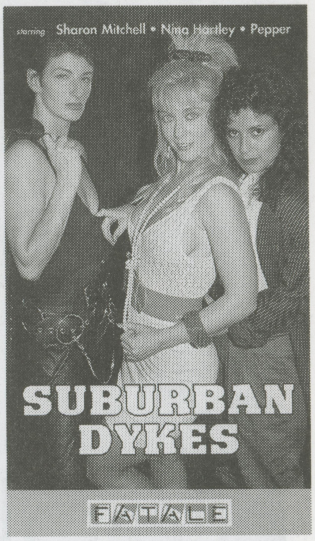
OOB: That's a pretty bold statement. So why did you quit?

SM: It was killing me. There comes a point where there are two guarantees with heroin: you are going to run out and you are going to want more. You become a slave to it. I was doing things that I felt were morally wrong, that I was ashamed of, in order to get heroin. When that starts happening to anyone, you're at the end of the line. In 1996, I was attacked by a crazed fan, who raped me and broke my throat and nose. As I lay there dying, I thought to myself, "There is no way that I am gonna die by this motherfucker's hand." So I made a choice to live, and that meant quitting heroin. There were so many things in my life that I was afraid of facing. When I tried to get clean, those fears came up, and I went back to heroin. I had to face the fears in order to stop. If the attack didn't happen, I don't think that I would know the life I know now, which is better than heroin addiction.

OOB: How did your life change once you got clean?

SM: I got clean, then I graduated from a program in counseling with a specialty in chemical dependency and HIV counseling. In 1998, there was an HIV outbreak in the porn business. I was approached by producers and manufacturers to "fix the problem." I had the resources, the education, the background, and the respect of the industry, which was a rare combination. It would have been morally wrong for me to walk away at that point, so I started AIM.

i have a strong
client-base of
sex workers. it's the
background i come
from, that i am proud
to come from, and
it's the community
i want to serve.



OOB: You were approached by members of the industry, but was there any resistance within the industry to AIM?

SM: Oh, a tremendous amount. People in the industry don't want to change. They don't want a system. But everyone had to get on the same page about testing. We consulted specialists, had workshops, and decided on the PCR-DNA for HIV testing of industry performers. The PCR-DNA test is not like the HIV test most people get, where there is a six-month window. This is an early detection test that scans for HIV inhibitors only, that actually tests for the virus. This test can detect if you've been exposed in the last 14-30 days. Everyone gets tested every thirty days. And that means that AIM tests between 500 and 700 people every thirty days.

OOB: That sounds like a lot of work.

SM: It is, but being able to give back to the industry that I came from is rewarding. It's a step in self-actualization, an important step for self worth, which is something I *didn't* get in the porn business as an actress. As an HIV counselor, it's amazing when you tell people that they are HIV positive; their lives change. But I think they change for the better. People gain complete clarity on their lives, move into action, and decide how they are going to take care of themselves and take charge of their lives. I don't see an HIV positive diagnosis as a dreaded, horrible situation as most people see it. AIM is a wonderful place to be, and it's a great job.

OOB: What do you think is the one major issue facing porn performers today?

SM: You must take care of your own health, which includes getting regular HIV and STD

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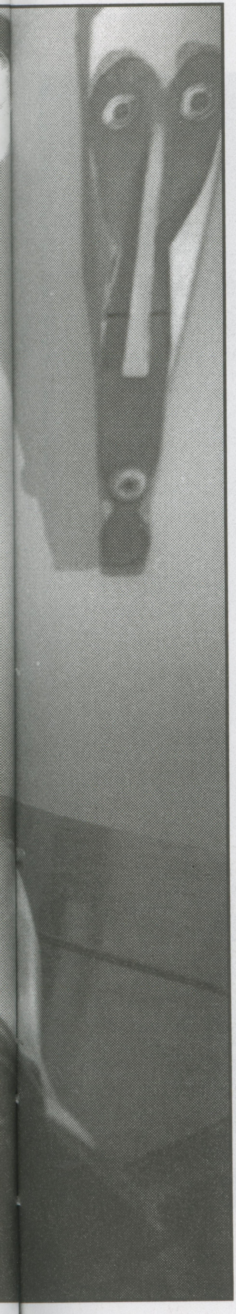
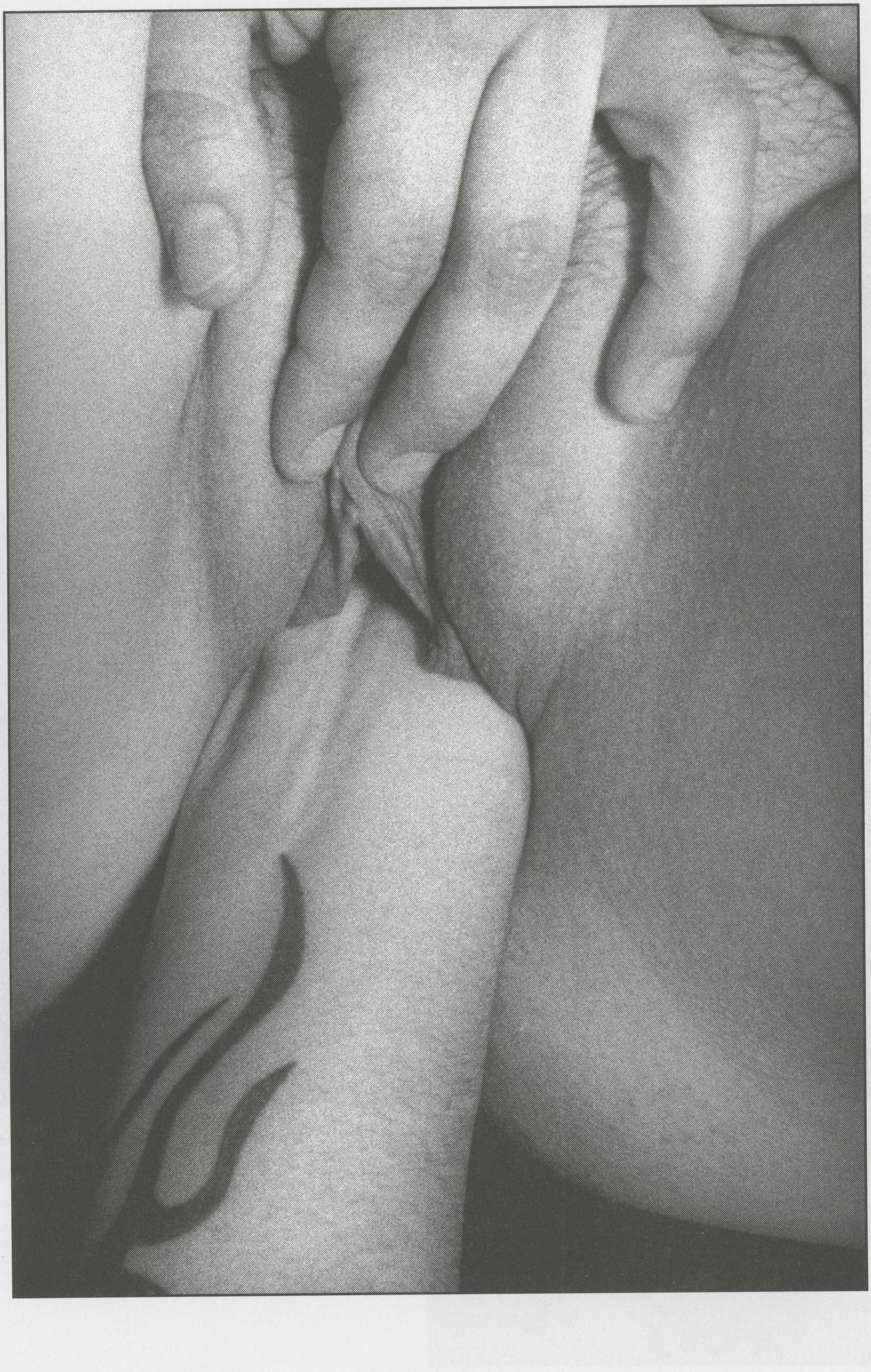
Prom Night Nookie

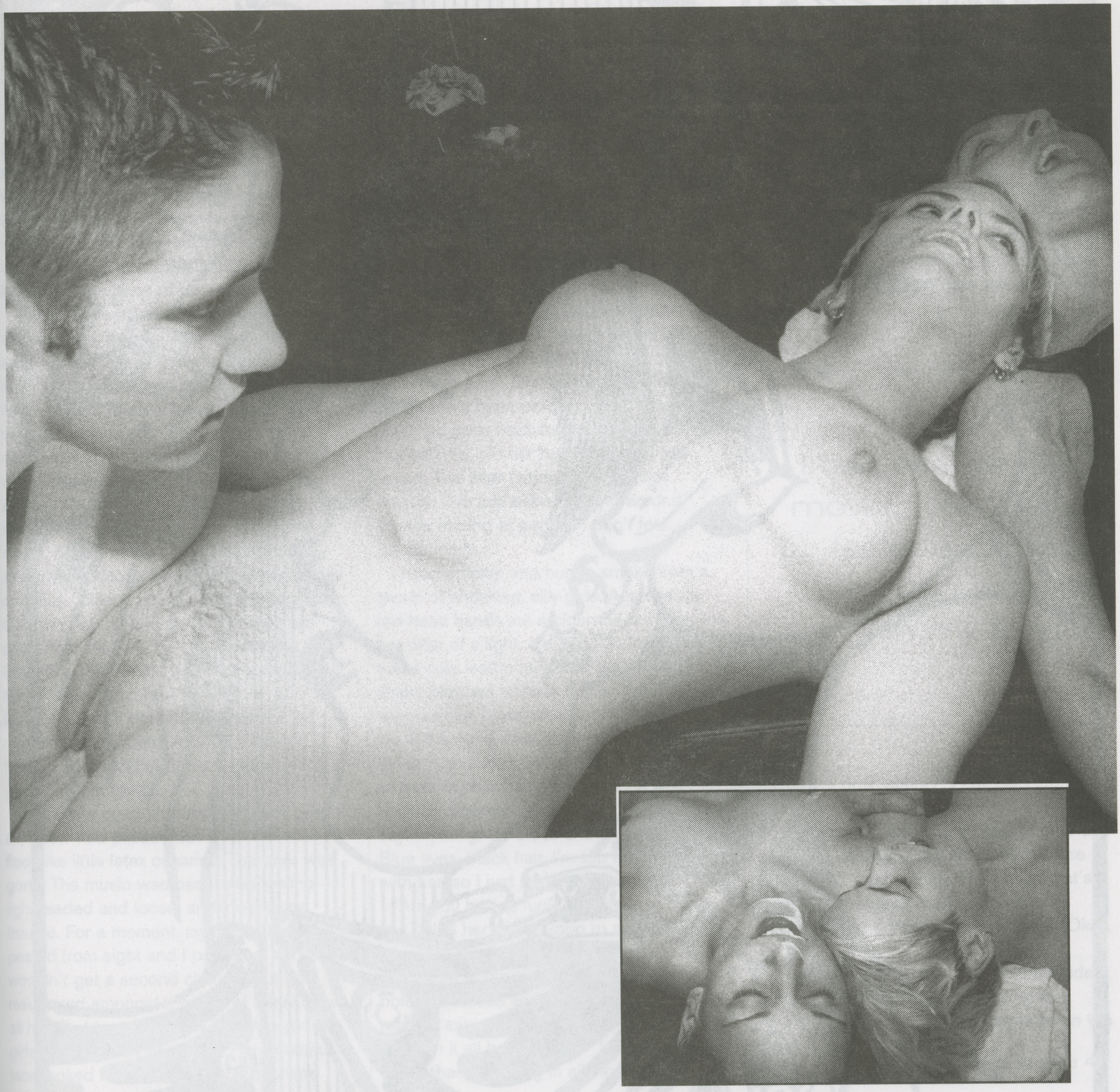
Two queer couples get down before the dance begins

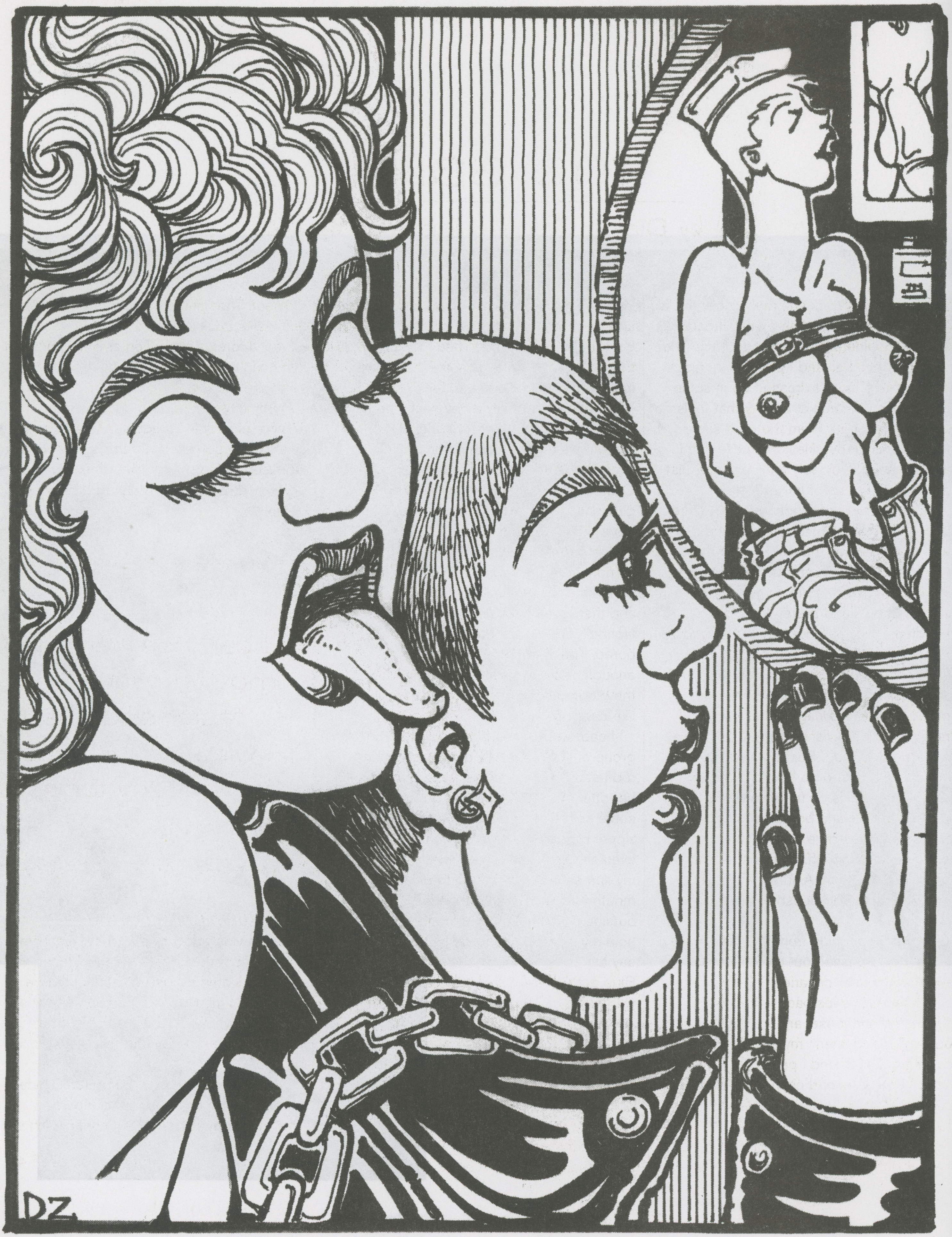
photography by
Del LaGrace Volcano

Dashing in their tuxedos, buddies Damien and Colten couldn't wait to pick up their dates for the annual Queer Prom. Carly and Reena were thrilled with their corsages, but were definitely ready to wiggle out of their beautiful gowns. Side by side and splayed out on a grand piano, both couples began ripping each other's clothes off, sucking on luscious nipples, and licking pussy. As Carly and Reena kissed each other, Colten slipped finger after finger inside Reena's juicy pussy, until she engulfed the entire fist. The limo would definitely have to wait. **tt**








DZ.

the sailor

by Diana Cage • illustration by DZ

From the back she really looks like a sailor. Tight white pants. Broad shoulders. Short cropped hair. The uniform fits her well and I pretend for just a moment that she isn't dressed up in some very obvious costume at a party that feels like the fetish prom. From the front she's very much a girl. Freckles, thin nose, high cheekbones, a decidedly feminine face that I'm sure is the bane of her existence.

The room reeks of propane from the fire show. Earlier, two women danced around each other in a way that was meant to be sultry. They swallowed rubber cocks with flaming ends, made a big show of their tattooed bodies and pretended to fuck each other. They had everything going for them, even enthusiasm, but it was all too staged. They were too black and shiny and clean to be having sex. They looked like a movie, like some teenage witchcraft ripoff straight-to-video bullshit. "Stop trying," I say out loud. "Give it up. Put your rubbery clothes back on and go back to your co-ops." Even the girls on the dance floor, in their PVC outfits and bondage gear looked bored. They need rape scenes, or foot-fucking to get them off. They clamor for murder and mayhem. A little half-assed flaming cocksucking doesn't get anything going for this crowd.

Girls were coughing from the thick greasy air, a few had passed out on the dance floor like little latex canaries. The beer was gone. The music was bad. I was feeling lightheaded and loose, and looking for trouble. For a moment, my sailor disappeared from sight and I panicked, thinking I wouldn't get a second chance. But she resurfaced amongst a group of trannyboys, all huddled together away from the girlie girls like little kids at recess. Her beautiful face looked mean even though she was laughing. Looking at her made me feel sexy and I wondered what it would take to get a girl like that to fuck me. Then I remembered that I've gotten many girls like that to fuck me. Everyone just wants to fuck someone.

The club is normally a gay men's porn theater. Live jack-off shows, the works. Tonight it's a dyke fetish party and latex-clad enema nurses are chatting with Catholic school girls. I came with my girlfriend, Aiden, who likes these parties more than I do. She's having fun, chatting up the cute little girls and boys, all of our friends are here. Every once in a while she brings me a beer, pats my head, kisses me, and then goes back to our circle of friends. Normally I'd join her but tonight I'm too bored. The beer helps some, but not enough. I've just been hanging around the bar staring at people. I don't feel like dancing.

I head outside and bum a smoke from a group of shrieking, silly girls. A gorgeous red-head hands me a cigarette but I decline her offer of a light. Instead I go look for some solo leather-jacketed type with a zippo. Hey, we all have our fantasies. I don't even smoke, I just need something to wrap my lips around, something to do with my mouth and hands. When the sailor walks outside my spirit lifts. She notices me, I hold my cigarette up to be lit, but we don't say anything. Up close she's even prettier. Blue eyes, black hair. I'm too tense to flirt with her, so I just look down at my hands.

"Are you having fun?" she says to me as she holds her silver Zippo to my cigarette.

I grasp her hand to steady the flame and she winks at me in a gesture that's both boldly flirtatious and totally cheesy. "Not really," I answer.

"Seen it all before, huh?" I shrug, and we stand there smoking in silence for a moment. Then she stubs out her cigarette and walks back inside.

I feel a foreign sensation as she leaves. At first I can't place it. And then I recognize it as desire.

Aiden joins me outside and I smoke another cigarette. I study her face closely. She's really gorgeous, *I can pick em*, I think to myself. She puts her arm around me protectively and walks me back through the door.

> i can see her hand moving over her clit faster and i badly wish i could reach her with my tongue.

"What's downstairs?" I ask her.

Private video booths that show fag porn, and rooms with curtains for anonymous sex.

"You're kidding." I say and then I realize how naïve I must sound. Of course, that's what is downstairs. "Let's go see." She looks at me quizzically and then says "Okay, let's go."

It's cooler downstairs. And quieter. Aiden is holding my hand, playing tour guide. She's telling me about the glory holes in the

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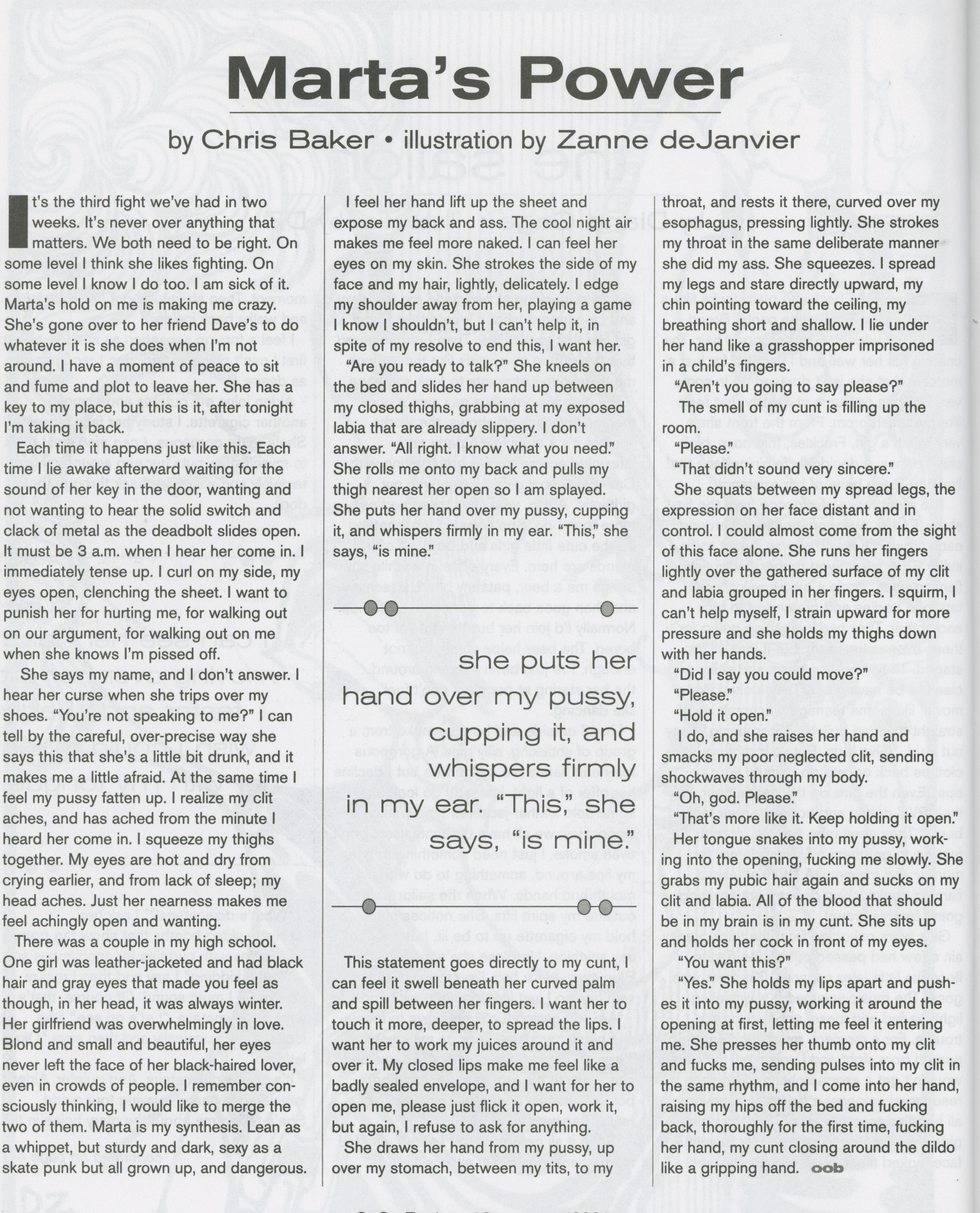
Marta's Power

by Chris Baker • illustration by Zanne deJanvier



It's the third fight we've had in two weeks. It's never over anything that matters. We both need to be right. On some level I think she likes fighting. On some level I know I do too. I am sick of it. Marta's hold on me is making me crazy. She's gone over to her friend Dave's to do whatever it is she does when I'm not around. I have a moment of peace to sit and fume and plot to leave her. She has a key to my place, but this is it, after tonight I'm taking it back.

Each time it happens just like this. Each time I lie awake afterward waiting for the sound of her key in the door, wanting and not wanting to hear the solid switch and clack of metal as the deadbolt slides open. It must be 3 a.m. when I hear her come in. I immediately tense up. I curl on my side, my eyes open, clenching the sheet. I want to punish her for hurting me, for walking out on our argument, for walking out on me when she knows I'm pissed off.

She says my name, and I don't answer. I hear her curse when she trips over my shoes. "You're not speaking to me?" I can tell by the careful, over-precise way she says this that she's a little bit drunk, and it makes me a little afraid. At the same time I feel my pussy fatten up. I realize my clit aches, and has ached from the minute I heard her come in. I squeeze my thighs together. My eyes are hot and dry from crying earlier, and from lack of sleep; my head aches. Just her nearness makes me feel achingly open and wanting.

There was a couple in my high school. One girl was leather-jacketed and had black hair and gray eyes that made you feel as though, in her head, it was always winter. Her girlfriend was overwhelmingly in love. Blond and small and beautiful, her eyes never left the face of her black-haired lover, even in crowds of people. I remember consciously thinking, I would like to merge the two of them. Marta is my synthesis. Lean as a whippet, but sturdy and dark, sexy as a skate punk but all grown up, and dangerous.

I feel her hand lift up the sheet and expose my back and ass. The cool night air makes me feel more naked. I can feel her eyes on my skin. She strokes the side of my face and my hair, lightly, delicately. I edge my shoulder away from her, playing a game I know I shouldn't, but I can't help it, in spite of my resolve to end this, I want her.

"Are you ready to talk?" She kneels on the bed and slides her hand up between my closed thighs, grabbing at my exposed labia that are already slippery. I don't answer. "All right. I know what you need." She rolls me onto my back and pulls my thigh nearest her open so I am splayed. She puts her hand over my pussy, cupping it, and whispers firmly in my ear. "This," she says, "is mine."

> she puts her hand over my pussy, cupping it, and whispers firmly in my ear. "This," she says, "is mine."

This statement goes directly to my cunt, I can feel it swell beneath her curved palm and spill between her fingers. I want her to touch it more, deeper, to spread the lips. I want her to work my juices around it and over it. My closed lips make me feel like a badly sealed envelope, and I want for her to open me, please just flick it open, work it, but again, I refuse to ask for anything.

She draws her hand from my pussy, up over my stomach, between my tits, to my throat, and rests it there, curved over my esophagus, pressing lightly. She strokes my throat in the same deliberate manner she did my ass. She squeezes. I spread my legs and stare directly upward, my chin pointing toward the ceiling, my breathing short and shallow. I lie under her hand like a grasshopper imprisoned in a child's fingers.

"Aren't you going to say please?"

The smell of my cunt is filling up the room.

"Please."

"That didn't sound very sincere."

She squats between my spread legs, the expression on her face distant and in control. I could almost come from the sight of this face alone. She runs her fingers lightly over the gathered surface of my clit and labia grouped in her fingers. I squirm, I can't help myself, I strain upward for more pressure and she holds my thighs down with her hands.

"Did I say you could move?"

"Please."

"Hold it open."

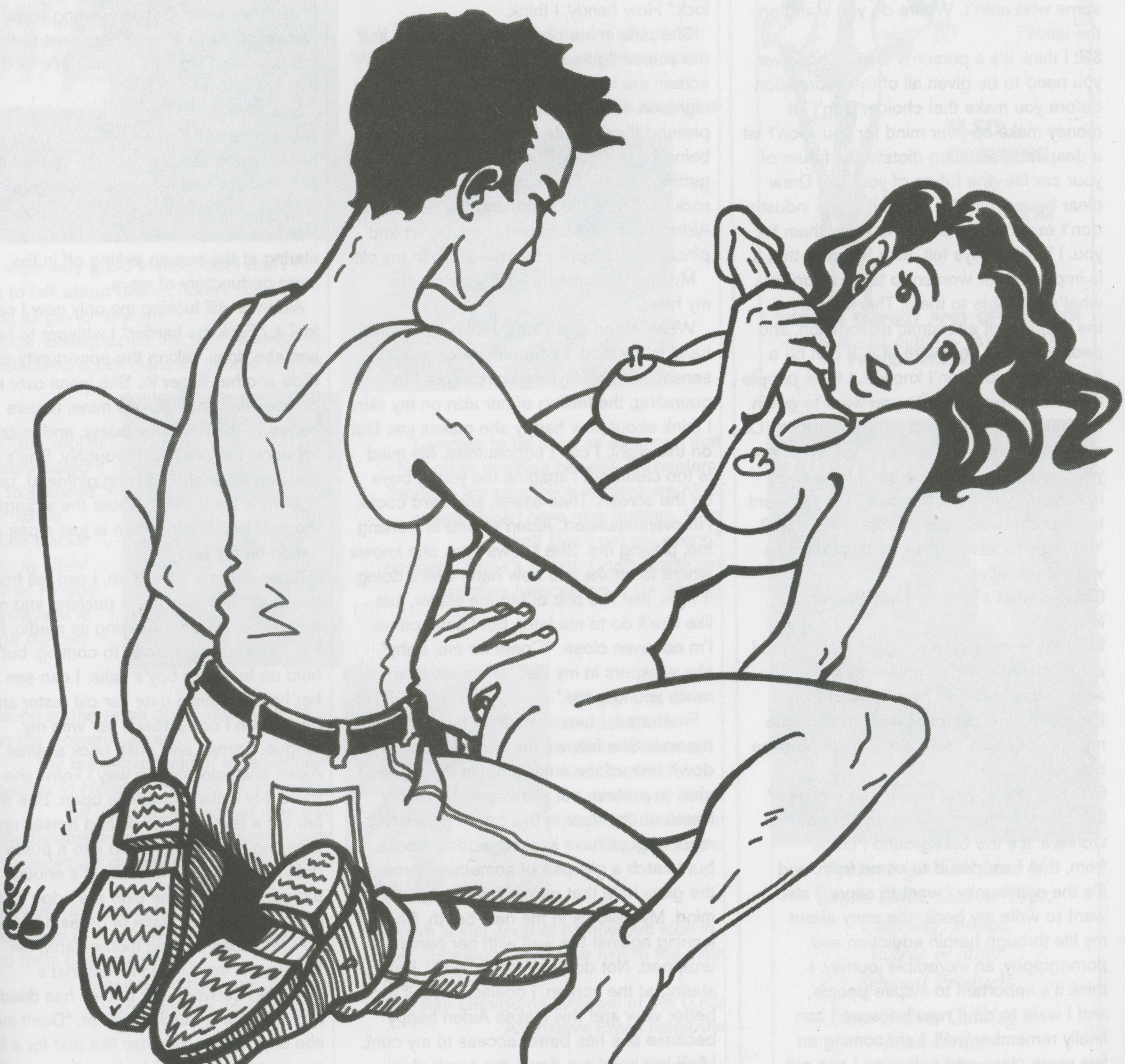
I do, and she raises her hand and smacks my poor neglected clit, sending shockwaves through my body.

"Oh, god. Please."

"That's more like it. Keep holding it open." Her tongue snakes into my pussy, working into the opening, fucking me slowly. She grabs my pubic hair again and sucks on my clit and labia. All of the blood that should be in my brain is in my cunt. She sits up and holds her cock in front of my eyes.

"You want this?"

"Yes." She holds my lips apart and pushes it into my pussy, working it around the opening at first, letting me feel it entering me. She presses her thumb onto my clit and fucks me, sending pulses into my clit in the same rhythm, and I come into her hand, raising my hips off the bed and fucking back, thoroughly for the first time, fucking her hand, my cunt closing around the dildo like a gripping hand. **oob**



continued from page 31

interview

testing, doing the very best to protect yourself. I see lots of STD cases; these are serious illnesses, whether curable or incurable. We see a tremendous amount of disease, which comes from having sex for a living.

OOB: Speaking of protecting yourself, within the industry, there are some companies and performers who are "condom only," and some who aren't. Where do you stand on the issue?

SM: I think it's a person's choice; however, you need to be given all of the information before you make that choice. Don't let money make up your mind for you. Don't let a desperate situation dictate the future of your sex life–the future of your life. Draw clear boundaries for yourself in the industry; don't expect the industry to draw them for you. I have always felt, as a feminist, that it is important for women to take control of what's available to them. This industry is the epitome of economic exploitation, and people should be aware of it. It can be a bad thing if you don't know it. I think people need to have a plan. Do you want to get in the business, make money, and get out? Or get in, make money, and stay in? What are your boundaries for safe sex? How many movies do you want to make? Do you want to strip afterward, start a Web site, what? You need to have a plan, or this business will eat you alive.

OOB: So what's next for Miss Sharon Mitchell?

SM: AIM is moving to a bigger facility, and I am probably going to pull away from my administrative duties here. I will still be Executive Director, but I want to continue my education and do more private practice counseling.

OOB: Are lots of your clients sex workers?

SM: I have a strong client-base of sex workers. It's the background I come from, that I am proud to come from, and it's the community I want to serve. I also want to write my book: the story about my life through heroin addiction and pornography, an incredible journey. I think it's important to inspire people, and I want to do it now because I can finally remember it all. I am coming on five years clean and sober, so I can put all the pieces together! **oob**

continued from page 39

the sailor

video booths but I only half hear her. My thoughts are on the sailor, the way she lit my cigarette, the way she looks from the back, the way she walked away from me. I am dimly aware that Aiden is dragging me into one of the booths. "Let's watch porn," she says. "Come on, baby." She leads me in and shuts the door. "Don't worry, the doors lock." How handy, I think.

She puts some quarters into the slot and the screen lights up. The boys on the screen are really young. I'd guess barely eighteen. Mainly pretty and hairless, so I pretend they're cute butch girls playing at being boys. One girl is bent over a chair getting fucked. She's moaning. Her cock is rock hard and she's stroking the hell out it. Aiden slips her hand under my T-shirt and pinches my nipple. I feel the throb in my clit.

My cunt becomes a liquidy place, like my head.

When Aiden and I fuck, I think about her hand in my cunt. I concentrate on the sensations, the rhythmic circling or the pounding, the feeling of her skin on my skin. I think about how happy she makes me. But on this night, I can't concentrate. My mind is too cluttered. I imagine the young boys on the screen. Their asses, and hard cocks. I'm overstimulated. Aiden's hand is working me, playing me. She knows how, she knows where to stroke and how hard. She's doing it right, just like she did to me earlier, just like she'll do to me later, but I can't come. I'm not even close. "Come for me, baby," she whispers in my ear, "show me how much you love me."

Frustrated, I turn away from her and face the wall. She follows me and pushes me down toward the small stool in the corner. I start to protest, not wanting to be on my knees on the floor in this booth where random guys have sucked random cocks, but I catch a glimpse of something through the glory hole that makes me change my mind. My sailor is in the next booth. She's leaning against the wall with her pants unzipped. Not doing anything really, just staring at the screen. I position myself for a better view and this makes Aiden happy because she has better access to my cunt. I feel her hand run down the crack of my ass before she pulls it back and smacks me hard. She does it again and this time I lean into it, because it's something I can feel.

I can see my sailor clearly. She's staring intently at the screen. I wonder if she's watching the same two young boys I was looking at a few moments ago. The video is still playing. I can still hear them groaning. Her blue eyes are half-closed and her hair is slightly messy. She is wearing some sort of binding thing around her chest to flatten her breasts. I am sure for just this moment that I'm in love with her.

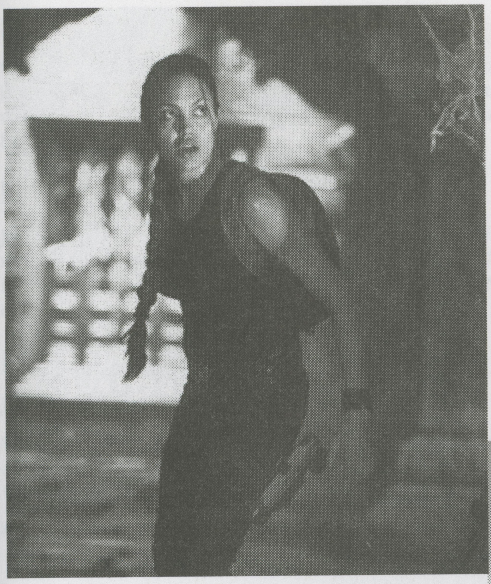
She slips down her pants and briefs and slides a hand between her legs. I watch her fingers disappear into the vertical folds of her pussy and reappear glistening, over and over, making that slick *tic tic* sound. Her face is expressionless, she's just staring at the screen jerking off in the most perfunctory of ways.

Aiden is still fucking me only now I can feel it. "Fuck me harder," I whisper to her and she does, taking the opportunity to slide another finger in. She leans over me, presses her body across mine, fingers buried to the hilt in my pussy, and nuzzles my neck. I adore her thoroughly. She's an amazing lover and a loving girlfriend, but right now I'm thinking about the stranger in the next booth and Aiden is just a pair of hands on my body.

Aiden is really turned on, I can tell from the rough raw way she's pushing into me. It must be the porn working its magic. I'm hot too, and really close to coming, but I hold on for sailor boy's sake. I can see her hands moving over her clit faster and I badly wish I could reach her with my tongue. I groan and push back against Aiden shamelessly in a way I know she loves. My sailor's mouth is open. She flicks her clit a few more times and tenses up, pressing her fingers down into a pussy I didn't get to touch or taste. It's enough though, it pushes me over the edge and I gasp as I feel the wave of orgasm hit me.

Aiden stops moving momentarily, her fingers still inside. The sweat that's collected between our bodies has dried and our skin is stuck together. "Don't move" she says to me. We stay like that for a few moments and when I look again, my sailor is gone. **oob**

cheers + jeers



◀"After a week it got a little sore, so the stunt crew made me a fur-lined harness. It was a joke, but I'm taking it home and I'll see what Billy and I can do with it."

Angelina Jolie on the effect of the Tomb Raider *bungee-jumping scenes on her not-so-private private parts, in* Esquire.

▼ "I don't give a damn if you're gay or not. When I fight you I am going to beat your ass, regardless."

Boxer Laila Ali to Girlfriends magazine

"We were very good friends, but I don't want to talk about that…. I don't classify myself as gay or straight."

Patricia Velasquez on her past relationship with Sandra Bernhard as quoted in Vibe.

▶ "You should have called it 'On Your Knees'."

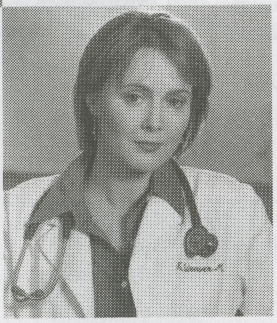
Joan Jett to On Our Backs *Editor in Chief Heather Findlay backstage at a recent concert.*

"I wanted to be seen as someone that had other qualities besides my hooters. Hooters are nice. Nice hooters are nice; people think I have nice hooters. I like that! Don't get me wrong."

Former Charlie's Angel, Cheryl Ladd, on avoiding typecasting in Us Weekly

"As soon as the penis goes, she is free to go to the women's sauna."

The superintendent of an apartment complex in Helsinki, Finland, commenting on when a transsexual may use the building's sauna during women-only hours, as quoted in a Reuters *report.*



◀"I get a lot of little postcards from fans that say 'You Go, Girl.'"

Laura Innes about playing a lesbian to Gayhealth.com

"I don't use the voice of Bart when I am making love to my husband, but Marge's voice turns him on a little."

Nancy Cartwright, the voice of Bart Simpson, in Salon.com

"Eminem is just another homoerotic icon in denial…Someone introduce him to the male G spot, please."

Boy George on Eminem in the U.K.'s Alternative Press magazine

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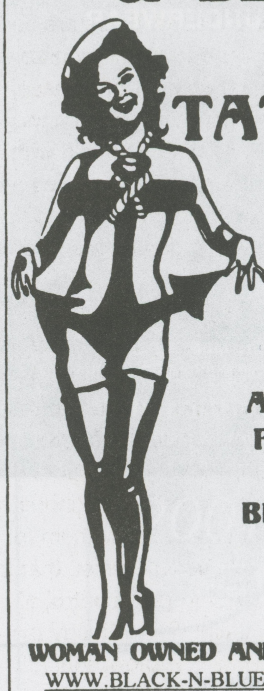

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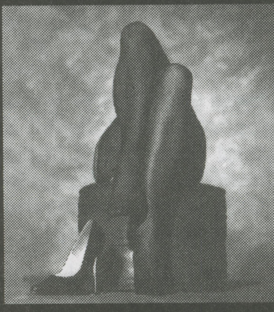

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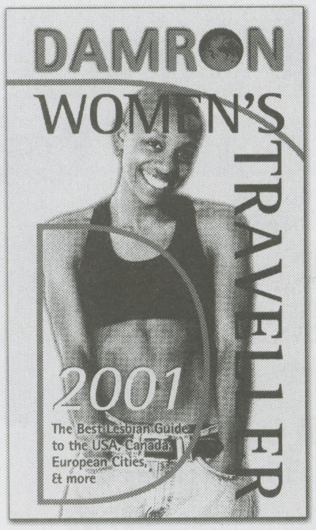
What's black and white and read all over?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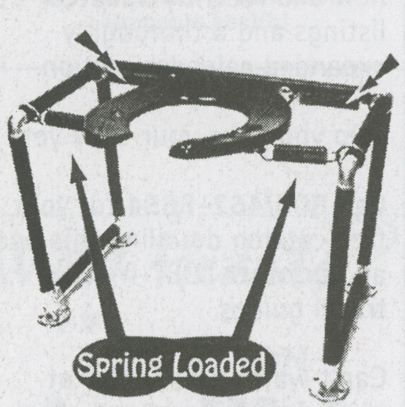

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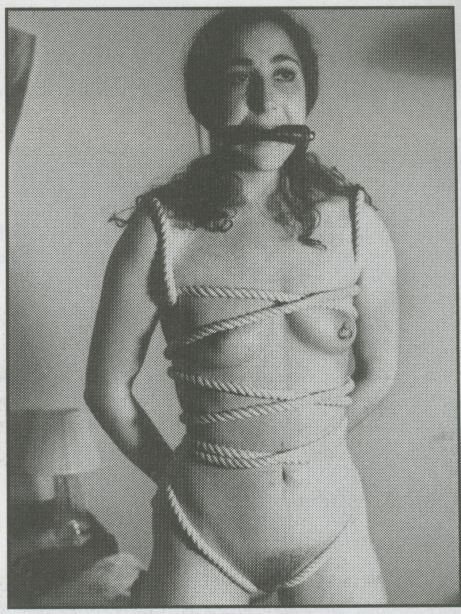
backtalk

How was your first Bondage experience?

compiled by Myriam Gurba


DAVE NAZ

Criminally Kinky

Ooooh, so hot! I felt like a bandit or robber that was just caught by a dirty-minded lady cop. My eyes covered, my mouth gagged, my wrists in cuffs. I couldn't move except for a wiggle and it made my clit stand up erect against my Levi's. What a predicament! *Skyler*

Birthday Surprise

My Daddy and her boi picked me up from work on my birthday and blindfolded me. They drove me to what must have been an old house and ushered me inside. Somebody stripped my clothes down to nothing and left me standing naked on a wooden floor. I felt a leather-gloved hand grab me by the arm and lead to me another room. I was tied to a bed and felt three pairs of hands touching me, my tits, my cunt, my ass, teasing me until I screamed. They taunted my nipples and pussy with hot breaths and squeezes until I was begging to get fucked. *Jenna*

A Romp in the Woods

I went camping with my girlfriend and we had a hard time pitching our tent. We didn't seem to be having much luck with our spikes and rope so we decided to do something else with them. I tied her up and we had sex out in the forest. We never did get that tent up, but we were there all weekend. *Snarley Jo*

Butch Bottom

My mistress collared me and led me to her playroom. She lashed me to a cross and tickled me with the softest whip, building up the intensity of the strokes until she was whipping me vigorously. That was the day she made me her boy. The pain was exquisite. *Mick*

Dressing Down

The first person I ever tied up was a sweet-faced brunette who was rumored to be a lesbian at our very suburban high school. We were both teenagers and "just friends" and it happened in my parents' living room. I tied her arms and legs together with various pieces of clothing that came off over the course of that afternoon. *Lise*

Learning the Ropes

My girlfriend called me up one day to come over and "play." We had talked about being open and experimental, and when I got there she asked if it would be okay if she did something new. I allowed her to blindfold my eyes, then I felt a rope binding my arms, then my ankles, to the chair. Something felt odd, though, and when she slid the blindfold off, we were no longer alone. I realized that she had invited a "friend" over to join us. The woman began licking her, and I was told to stay quiet, and watch. *Ricky*

Bag of Tricks

My first experience with rope play was way back in high school. My mild-mannered sweetheart drove me, in her car, to a deserted road, where I assumed we would be making out as usual. She pulled over, shut off the car, and pulled a rope and a belt from a black bag. I was quickly tied to the seat with my ass bare and vulnerable. She played the tip of the belt over my skin, and it wasn't long before I was begging for her to spank me. *Chris*

tell us! what is your favorite porn flick and why? Let us know by July 20, 2001 and we'll send you a free issue. Write **On Our Backs** 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415-648-4705, e-mail onourbacks@onourbacksmag.com.

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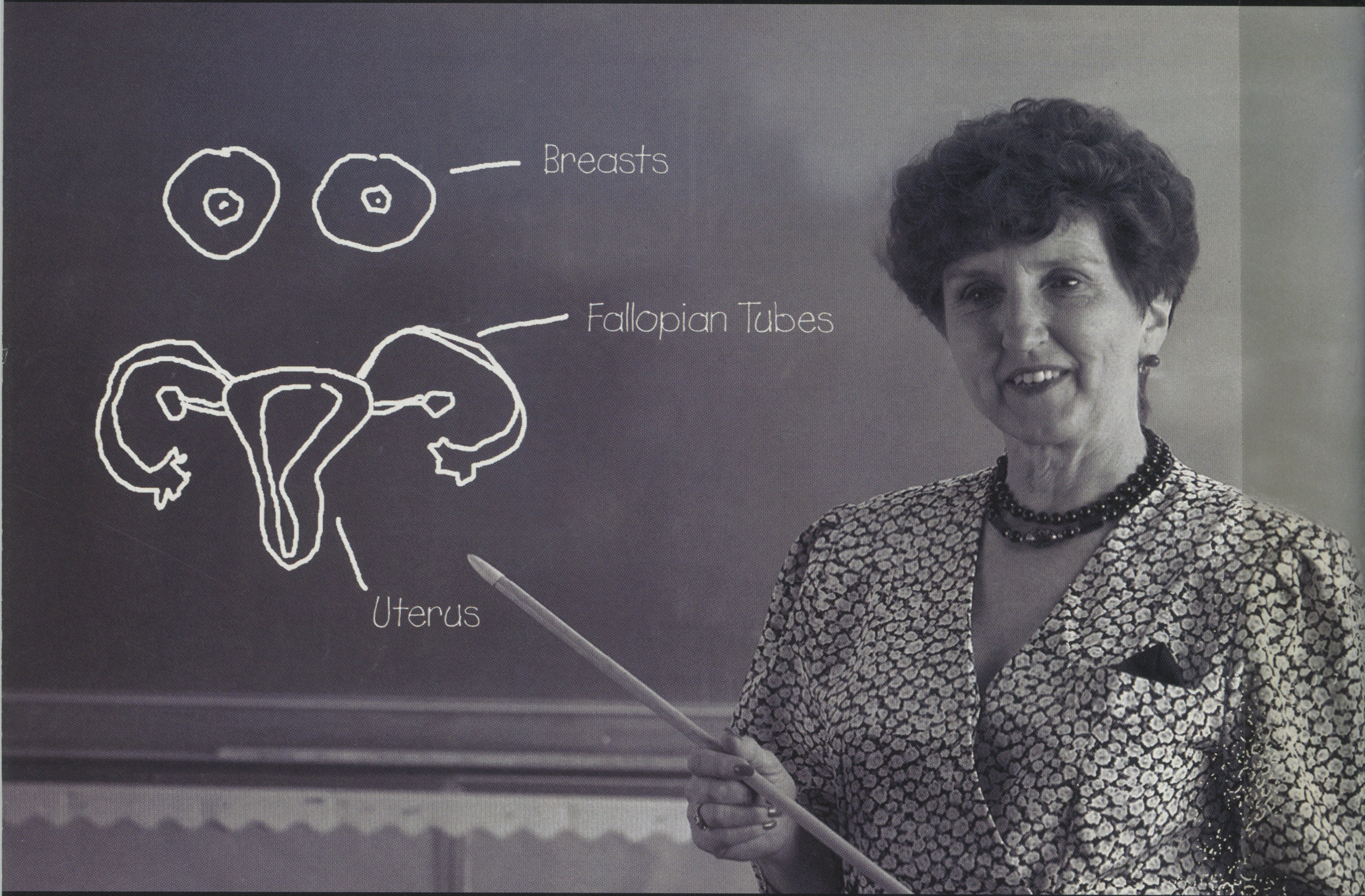

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